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Chapter 1: Exile

[image]

He still couldn't believe what had happened. H-he had only been trying to prevent a needless war that would have surely caused so much suffering to both ThunderClan and WindClan alike. But Bluestar, it was clear now more then ever had been driven mad by Tigerstar's betrayal and treachery. The ginger pelted tom looked up at the sky as he sat in the glade of the four massive oaks. Eyes like fiery green emeralds as he recalled the events of what had just happened...

"B-But Bluestar I was only-"pleaded the ginger tom.

The russian blue mix snarled and turned on a dime, actually slashing her deputy with claws meeting his eyes. The action had frightened the tom cat, ears pressed to his skull as he backed up against the wall with tail swaying nervously.

"ENOUGH! I will hear no more. You went and disobeyed my orders, broke the code and went behind my back! Y-You're no better then they are, I thought I could trust you Fireheart!"snapped Bluestar, blue irises gleaming with madness and fury.

"Bluestar please just listen-"he pleaded once more.

"SILENCE! From this day forward you are no longer my deputy and you are banished from this clan!"snapped the she-cat with fangs bared.

Fireheart's tail drooped with a sea of emotions on his face as he turned to leave, "As you wish, Bluestar..."

Fireheart's fluffy ginger tail then vanished as he left the den...

Fireheart was shaken from his thoughts as a pale ginger she-cat nuzzled him, earning a purr from the tom. Thankfully he was not alone; some had been angry and didn't approve of Bluestar's verdict and had left with him. Sandstorm had joined him. Sandstorm had

been amazed and thankful she had come. Longtail had surprised him by siding with him, saying he couldn't follow a leader that didn't trust her own clan.

"What do we do now?"asked Sandstorm, twining her tail with her mate's.

Fireheart wasn't sure himself as his paw gently touched his now swollen eye. Wincing from the pain of the gesture. Bluestar had left her mark and seeing from his injured eyes was hard. W-was he going blind? If he was how was he gonna fend for himself let alone hunt? His ears and tail sagged at these thought. He felt hurt, angry even and the only comfort he had left was Sandstorm and the sweet scent of dew that came from her sent. It was then a thought came to mind.

"Away, far away from here..."he muttered.

Sandstorm was surprised but her look softened as she looked at her love and licked him on the cheek. "Do you want to go see your sister? i-it wouldn't be right to just leave her without saying goodbye."she asked in a soothing tone, earning a nod from the injured tom. "Come on then."

With care she gently lead Fireheart away from Four Trees and stayed on the border along the river. Sandstorm was trying hard to stay calm and smoother her temper that was threatening to bare it's fangs. But her anger wasn't for Fireheart it was at Bluestar and ThunderClan. That monster had hurt him when Fireheart had been doing nothing but put the clan above all else even if it meant breaking the code. But the pain and despair on the tom's now bloody and wounded face left her scared for him. Cinderpelt had wanted to treat him but had been denied in the leader's madness. *"ThunderClan is not the clan I knew...n-not anymore."*she thought as they reached the fence line.

"Fireheart, we're here. This is her garden right?"she meowed, letting the unfamiliar word rolling from her tongue.

Fireheart sniffed the air and sure enough she smelled the scent of Princess's strawberry fur shampoo her twolegs used on her once

every moon. His sight was still a bit out of focus but he think he could make the jump. So with a wiggle and crouch he sprung up with ease and managed to scramble up the fence, leaving claw marks in the wood before jumping down to land on the soft grass.

Sandstorm followed with much more ease, tail twitching nervously. She did not like the fact they were so close to twolegs. But she had to remind herself like a buzzing bee hive that they were here so Fireheart could see his kin.

"Princess, you here?"he meowed.

Right on cue the cat door opened and out came the cinnamon tabby and white she-cat. The chime of her bell and tags not hard to miss. But delight turned to dread and concern as she broke into a sprint towards her brother at seeing his ginger pelt red with blood and his eyes. Oh no, his poor eyes were just slashed up. Their mother always adored his beautiful eyes that looked just like father's.

"Fireheart what happened to you! You're hurt!"she meowed, frantically licking his fur.

"I-I...Princess I'm leaving the forest."he mewed softly.

The kittypet perked her ears at this surprising news but she listened as both Fireheart and Sandstorm relayed their tale of what happened. By the end the was furry in her beautiful honey amber eyes. How dare that - how dare that wild cat hurt her brother!? She wanted to just march on over there and tell this she-cat off and deliver some karma right at her. She looked at her brother; it was clear his eyes were injured...sh-she couldn't just let him leave.

"I'm coming with you." Princess was even surprised by her choice.

"B-But you're a kittypet and it's dangerous and I won't be able to keep you safe..."protested the ginger tom.

"No, I'm coming. i'm not gonna let you get yourself killed when you can't see in your condition."huffed Princess.

Oh boy, now he had done it. His sister had always been so stubborn and once her mind was set in stone, not much could change it. She

had that same tone when she had given him Cloudpaw to take back to ThunderClan. She had that tone the day the twolegs came to take her and him away along with their brother, Orion.

"Hm, actually it might not be a bad idea to let her come. I can teach her and then she can help while your injuries heal."pointed out Sandstorm.

"Fine."he mewed, earning a happy squeak from his sister whom nuzzled him.

Sandstorm then went over and started tugging at the kittypet's collar before finally the safety buckle snapped. Princess was no longer marked by her owners. The girls helped guide Fireheart over the fence and they didn't stop until they had reached WindClan. But that is where their luck stopped as they ran into a patrol. Leading the group was the deputy, Deadfoot and with him was Onewhisker, Gorsepaw, and another warrior with black fur.

"Fireheart what are you doing here in our territory again?"mewed Onewhisker, lashing his tail.

Deafoot though had noticed the injuries on the tom and only Sandstorm, another ThunderClan warrior and a loner that stunk of twolegs was with him. The deputy limped over for a better look as the tom bowed his head in respect, looking positively defeated and the she-cats protective of him like a queen with an injured or frightened kit.

"So...it came to this did it?" Fireheart could only nod, his green eyes giving away the surprise before melting into despair and hurt.

"N-no way she didn't..."chirped Onewhisker in shock for his friend.

"I'm afraid so, Bluestar had him exiled for just trying to stop a pointless fight. I couldn't bare to see him leave so I went with."croaked Sandstorm in anger and frustration.

Deadfoot looked at them with a stoic expression which seemed like eternity before turning his back on them. "Onewhisker continue the patrol with Blackthistle. i'll take these three with me...after all it

seems we now have guests for Tallstar."he mewed, a gleam of mischief in his eyes.

Onewhisker nodded and left with the patrol while his deputy escorted Fireheart and the two she-cats towards camp. Fireheart and Sandstorm were confused as to why the deputy didn't just shred them then and there. Princess was a little shaken but was far more worried for her brother; what if these cats wanted to hurt him? *"Stay calm Princess, you gotta remain calm. You kitted, you can do this."*she thought, tail raising high at her mental pep talk.

Deadfoot guiding them over to where Tallstar was grooming himself, relaxed as he layed in the warm sun. He looked up catching a familiar scent and was surprised. There was his old friend, Jake's little boy but he looked like a shell of what he was last he saw them. His eyes were slashed and swollen from some angry wounds. But he knew instantly the worst had happened...Bluestar had exiled her deputy. Deadfoot came over and was fast to explain the situation and his eyes narrowed to slits.

"Send them over," Deadfoot nodded and the little group was sent over to him before the deputy left camp.

Tallstar then got to his paws and waved his long tail in greeting, "it is good to see you, my friend. I have been told of the situation but would you young ladies be ok if I spoke with him alone for awhile?"

Princess looked at Sandstorm for reassurance that this cat could be trusted. To which Sandstorm nodded and whispered, "This is Tallstar, he leads WindClan and happens to be very close friends to Fireheart just like Onewhisker. Fireheart long time ago helped them so i don't think they'll hurt him." Princess gave a nod in return.

"Um, my name's Princess. Fireheart's my brother, Tallstar. So um, c-could you be not too hard on him?"requested the former kittypet, unsure ho to address somebody so important to these ferals.

Tallstar's ears perked with interest now as he looked over the fluffy, silky furred tabby she-cat. Jake had mentioned about father a daughter and two sons with a kittypet named Lucie. Maybe this was that daughter? Well any kin of his old friend that needed help he'd

happily welcome with open paws. "You have no need to be concerned, I assure you no harm will come to your kin."he purred, touching his nose to her forehead. He then lead Fireheart inside and motioned for him to get comfortable.

"Now, I know what happened but I'd like to hear from you what really happened after your clan returned home."urged the black and white tom, tucking his paws under his chest.

Fireheart gave a nod and went on to tell everything, even going so far to reveal Bluestar's insanity after Tigerstar's betrayal and exile from the clan. Tallstar sighed and got to his paws and moved to sit by him, resting his tail on the ginger tom's back out on compassion and comfort.

"I'm sorry that happened, Fireheart. If you desire you have a place here if you want it. I'd be honored to have such a fine warrior like you in my clan."mewed the wise old tom.

Fireheart gave a small smile at the leader but shook his head no. He needed to get away from here. Far away from this place, far from everything. Though he could not understand why.

"Your offer is appreciated but I can't do that to you and WindClan. I've got to leave this forest, at least until I find my paws again."he mewed sadly.

Sympathy graced the old leader's face as he licked the younger tom between the ears. He felt sorry for the sight of a tom that looked so..so..so lost. "Then stay, at least until your wounds have healed. Sandstorm and your kin and you shall be my guests until you depart."

"That I can say yes to, Tallstar."purred Fireheart.

Tallstar gave a pleased purr and went back outside with Fireheart and left him to the two she-cats. By now a crowd had certainly gathered and word of them had spread like a swarm of locust. He looked over to the trio, "You better take him to see Barkface. He'll be able to him tend to those slashes on his eyes."

"Th-thank you!"

"Thank you Tallstar."

With that the she-cats lead their loved one away towards Tallstar had gestured where the medicine den was. The leader's call for a meeting echoed but at the moment it didn't matter as they entered the den. Mudclaw was surprised but greeted them, concern on his face before ushering Fireheart over to a nest and got to work which took them straight into the night. Sandstorm couldn't bring herself to sleep though; her anxiety till pumping through her veins. So with a stretch she quietly left Fireheart's sleeping form and sleeked out of the burrow to look up at silverpelt. A chilled wind blew to signal leaffall was most certainly here.

"Couldn't sleep Sandstorm?"asked the dark brown medicine cat as he took a spot by her.

"No, couldn't get comfortable enough to do so."she sighed, glancing back down the burrow entrance.

"Or rather you're worried about your mate aren't you?"Sandstorm gave a nod, her ears drooping.

"Will his eyes be ok?"she asked, "Please...I-I need to know."

Barkface sighed as he looked up at the twinkling stars that made up silverpelt as the brightest among them, the guiding warrior shimmered bright this cloudless night. "Sandstorm," The she-cat looked to the medicine cat with her full attention. He then locked her eyes onto her's with a look that could shoot a goose out of the sky.

"Fireheart will never see again..."

Chapter 2: Wound of The Heart

[image]

It was a frigid morning in the WindClan camp as the lithe bodied cats began to go about their daily duties. Sandstorm was with some help of Onewhisker was taking Princess out to learn to hunt. It had been a good few weeks now since the trio had been accepted into the clan as Tallstar's guests. Fireheart was basking in the sun the wounds on his eyes covered in cobwebs and a healing poultice. The broken warrior now rogue hadn't been himself since he was forced into exile.

He had been born a kittypet but raised a clan warrior. Day by day his eyesight failed him until today when he had awoke..nothing but darkness. It frightened him, it left him so unsure of himself. What good was a blind warrior? And an exiled one at that. His ear twitched as he heard the soft paw steps of the medicine cat come over.

"Hey, Fireheart how are you feeling today"mewed Barkface, tentatively sniffing at the wounds.

Fireheart's ears drooped. Just how was he feeling? Like crap, that's what. The tom was angry, hurt, sad, and felt all so betrayed. The cat he was had died the instant he was exiled for the crime he had done for the right reasons. A crime he had done cause his so called leader had lost all sense of reason. "All I wanted...all I wanted was to prevented unnecessary bloodshed when there was no proof WindClan had done it..."he thought bitterly as he turned his head away from the brown tom.

Barkface gave a sympathetic smile, "It's alright you don't have to talk if you don't want to. You're among friends here. So how about we check your eyes?"

Fireheart simply gave a nod, knowing better then any cat to never protest against a medicine cat. Barkface got to work and with the greatest of care he removed the old poultice and cobwebs for a

better look at the injuries. He was pleased with the progress as they were nearly healed and just some scabs remained. It would certainly leave some scars but that was nothing compared to the damage the russian blue had done. it infuriated the medicine cat; What kind of leader hurt her own warriors let alone her own deputy?

"Well, try opening them Fireheart."mewed Barkface.

"Ok, Barkface."he meowed, gingerly rubbing his face.

Slowly Fireheart began to open his eyes to reveal their emerald depths.

A sleek pale tabby oriental tom with an unusually long tail sleeked through the reeds. His torn ear flicked in slight irritation as she shook a paw free of some mud from the damp, marshy ground around the river bank. He wasn't too found of getting his fur wet like those RiverClanners. This tom was in fact Longtail, now a former warrior of ThunderClan. His looked up at the sky for a moment, thinking what happened just a few weeks ago...

Sandstorm was carefully leading the younger ginger tom by the flank as the older tabby watched from the rear. There was no going back now; he made his nest and he would lie in it. By choosing to follow the kittypet born brat he was turning his back on everything, even sadly his first apprentice. But oddly...he didn't care.

ThunderClan had changed after he had been shown the treachery of the one tom he had looked up to so much. But over the course of the seasons he well, it shocked even him but, h-he grew a fondness for the brat that had ruined his ear. He respected the brat for his heart and his courage but also...his tenacity. He found he soon stopped in his tracks once they reached a old massive sycamore tree's roots.

Sandstorm and Fireheart stopped to look over at Longtail with concern, "You coming Longtail?"

"Sandstorm you go on ahead, I have a few things to take care of but I'll catch up with you at barley's barn alright?"he chirped hastly, turning to bound off.

"Ok, be careful Longtail!"she mewed.

Longtail dashed past only to stop right by the younger ginger tom to whisper, "Watch yourself, kit." before he ran off. The only words he heard before vanishing from the couple's sight was Fireheart's own words, "StarClan guide your paws."...

Longtail's ears perked as he finally caught a hold of the one scent he was searching for. "Yes, gotcha!"he thought with a sneer. He followed after the scent with very little problems until he saw them through the reeds just by the bridge. That scruff grey tom with two younger apprentices; one silver and one solid grey. They were clearly kin and Longtail knew instantly who they were as he made himself known. The older tom's yellow eyes were surprised while the two apprentices' puffed up with fangs bared.

"Longtail what are you doing here on RiverClan's territory!?"spat the tom.

"Greystripe, we need to talk. I-It's about Fireheart."meowed Longtail with a swish of his tail.

Greystripe perked his ears and a look of concern graced his face before he looked down at his daughter and son. "Stormpaw take your sister and go hunt. I need to speak with this tom."

"Ok daddy."mewed the fluffy grey apprentice. Stormpaw and Featherpaw soon left without a word.

"Now, spit it out Longtail. What's wrong? I-Is Fireheart..?"meowed the tom nervously; he prayed it wasn't what he thought it was.

Longtail shook his head, "No he's alive, but Bluestar's gone madder then a raccoon with the foam-bite. She exiled Fireheart for stopping a war with WindClan."

Greystripe couldn't believe his ears as he stared at the tom, the world seem to come to a stand still around the tom.

By now Fireheart was enjoying some quiet as he shared some prey with his sister and mate. It had been funny listening to his sister's excited banter of all he stuff she had learned. He was proud of her.

But he looked at his paws with sightless eyes.

We would never see again.

Never see light shine to dapple through the trees.

Never see silverpelt shine in it's glory.

Never see thee moon or the sun rise or set.

Fireheart let out a frustrated growl as he got up and made a v-line for the camp's exist only to unfortunately fall down right down a burrow. "Ow!"

"Fireheart!"squealed the two girls in fright as they hurried over.

The duo hurried over and help the tom up and out. But he looked upset and angry as he shoved them off and walked away with his tail dragging in the dirt. Princess made a move to go after her brother only to feel a tug on her tail. It was Morningflower, he had fallen into the nursery burrow of all places.

"I wouldn't do that young lady."chirped the tortie queen.

"Let go of my tail, I gotta go to my brother!"protested Princess.

Morningflower shook her head as her own tail lashed about, "Your brother needs to be alone right now. He's injured and needs time to heal."

"B-but my brother's eyes are healing fine, Barkface said so."the cinnamon tabby was quite confused.

It was Sandstorm who happened to come over and rest her tail on her new friend's shoulder and shook her head looking out as her mate managed to find his way out of camp. "Not physically Princess. H-he's injured in the heart. A wound to the heart takes time to heal and some times words of encouragement only makes it hurt worse. Fireheart needs to figure this out himself but he knows we are here when he needs us most."

"Sandstorm..."Princess looked at the pale ginger she-cat's own green

eyes before looking back out where her brother left.

"Your friend speaks wisely for one so young. Your brother just needs time."purred a white queen plump and heavy with kits.

"Yes, toms are all the same. They never like letting us she-cats see them when they are vulnerable."chuckled a sooty grey queen in agreement.

Maybe...maybe they were right? She sure hoped so as the ex-kittypet gave in with a sigh.

Later That night...

Fireheart's dreams were anything but peaceful as he tossed and turned. If StarClan were the granters of sweet dreams the dark forest gave nightmares...or so the legends claimed. His dreams were swallowed in agony of fire and blood and cats with spiked collars. Then cats he didn't know. But the terrors were washed away by a comforting scent and a he felt somebody was..grooming him?

"It's alright Fireheart, ThunderClan may have turns it's back on you and stolen your eyes, but we've never left you."soothed a rather rough voice he'd know anywhere.

Fireheart looked up to see he was standing in a meadow of wild flowers. He saw the thick, fluffy scarred grey persian mix pelt of one he had looked to and respected like a grandmother. A harsh tongued one, but still somebody he had cared and grown to respect even as he had been with her in her last moments. "Y-Yellowfang..."he sobbed.

"Now what's with those tears for? where did my brave little furball go?"she soothed, let him nuzzle into her frosty fur.

Yellowfang carefully lifted his chi with her paw so he could look her in the eyes. Eyes normally fiery and bright she noticed were now replaced with pain and sorrow and hopelessness. She did not like nor approve what had happened nor of what had become of Bluestar. "Well, are you gonna keep being sorry for yourself or are you gonna stand on your paws?"

"Yellowfang how can I? i'm blind..."hissed Fireheart in frustration, "When I wake up all I'll see is darkness!"

"And? You've proved many to everyone time and time again through hard work and effort. That's how you won other cats' respect, that's how Sandstorm grew to love you and Longtail-as arrogant as he is-grew to respect you as a clan mate. You can do it again, prove them wrong!"meowed Yellowfang with a lash of her tail.

Prove them wrong? But how could he do such a thing when he could not see so he could hunt or defend himself!? he looked away in shame only to have his gaze brought back up to the old medicine cat's. But there was no anger, no teasing glint. Her orange gaze was gentle and parental and wise beyond her years. "All it takes for a fire to burn is a single spark."she soothed.

Fireheart's ears perked at this as the dream started to fade. He awoke with a start, once more in a dark abyss all around him. But there was a determined glint in those green irises as he turned his blind gaze to the roof of the burrow. *"All I need is a single spark."*he thought. Now he knew what he wanted to do. He knew what he could do.

"I'll start my own clan."he mewed softly to himself.

He then yawned and rested his head on Sandstorm's shoulders and drifted back to sleep. He now had a goal and he was determined to see it through. But that could wait until he got some sleep.

To Be Continued...

Chapter 3: Where Silverpelt Doesn't Shine

[image]

It was dusk by the time the pale tabby had spotted the familiar ginger cats but also a cinnamon tabby he did not know. He um, had to admit she was actually...beautiful. He gave his head a shake; no none of that now. They had to get out of here and fast. "What took you guys so long and who the heck is she?"hissed Longtail.

"Sorry, Fireheart really needed medical attention Longtail, so we stayed in WindClan the last while."informed the pale ginger she-cat, Fireheart close beside her.

"You must be Longtail. My name is Princess, I'm Fireheart's littermate."mewed the cinnamon tabby with a polite bow of her head.

"Enough chatting, lets go before ThunderClan patrol spots us here."chirped Fireheart with a lash of his tail.

Longtail gave a curt nod as the small group sleeked into twolegplace. Honestly all of them were nervous, for various reasons. For Fireheart and Princess it was from stories from their kithood of the terrors and hardships of twolegplace held. For Longtail and Sandstorm it was cause it was overwhelmed by the smells and number of twolegs and their monsters and weird things the place held. Not to mention the sensory overload. But what unnerved the former ThunderClan cats the most...they could see silverpelt or the guiding warrior through all the fumes and smog!

The small group were jumpier then fish in a pond to be sure. but as they progressed they were now certain they were being watched, and not by the crows or rats. Fireheart just couldn't shake the feeling as his whiskers quivered and his ears swerved about. His remaining senses he had discovered were now twice as strong.

"We're being watched."hissed Fireheart, "Have been since we entered this place."

"Wh-what?"squeaked Princess as she out of habit went to hide behind her brother and Sandstorm.

Longtail perked his ears, his maw agape as he scented the air, "It's hard to detect through the stench of this place but brat's right. Let's pick up the pace."

"Sooner we're out of here the better!"agreed Sandstorm.

"Stay on guard."mewed Fireheart as they broke into a trot.

The group picked up the pace as they tried their best to be mindful of the various thunderpaths they came across. but from the shadows feline shapes were most certainly following them as their eyes glowed in the darkness. Cries of, "Get them!" and "Don't let them escape!" reached Fireheart's more sensitive ears. But before long they found themselves in a dead end and trapped like rats as the two she-cats and tom jumped in front to protect the ginger tom from the scruffy rogues with spiked collars. Fireheart couldn't see them but he could hear them, smell them.

"Why are you chasing us?"spat Fireheart.

"All trespassers are to be brought before Scourge, those are the laws of BloodClan!"growled a calico with a purple studded collar.

"And if we refuse?"hissed Longtail.

"Then you die whee you stand."laughed a huge maine coon tom with black and white fur and a collar with dog teeth in it. He was clearly the patrol leader from the voice and attitude Fireheart could pick up by his voice.

"Like the dark forest you will!"snapped Sandstorm.

Fireheart remained oddly calm despite the fact it looked like a fight was more then certain to break out. But despite his world of darkness he could tell they were very much out numbered. His ear twitched. *"Cats above us,"* he sniffed the air as he thought, *"Cats in*

front of us." he frowned at the thought. Yes defiantly suicidal if they refused. What he did next shocked his comrades as he pushed through them and walked towards the largest tom in the group.

"My name is Fireheart, let me speak with your leader."he chirped, tail held high.

The rogue tom was surprised as he locked eyes on the ginger tom who's pelt under unnatural light of the street lamps glowed like a fire. Sightless eyes that were defiant and pierced like daggers that sent a chill up his spine. For a split instant he thought he was seeing the familiar black, white pawed petite tom he feared and respected. He had to shake his head for a second to make sure he wasn't seeing things.

"My name is Bone. I trust you'll come quietly?"he meowed firmly.

Fireheart didn't even budge nor did he flinch which surprised his comrades even more. Even the rogues were surprised by this sightless tom's courage as Bone was one of the tom generals in their "group". "I will come quietly, but in exchange my...companions are not to be harmed, Bone."he mewed, choosing his words carefully.

Bone looked over at the two she-cats and the tom for a moment before giving a fanged grin. "Snake, Ice, and Clay lets show them a little...hm, BloodClan hospitality and escort them?" this earned some chuckles and snickers from the other cats.

"Yes sir!"

The cats in question were fast to surround Longtail, Princess, and Sandstorm while Bone personally flanked Fireheart. Longtail and Sandstorm were defiantly and growled warnings at the strangers but Princess looked like a scared and cornered vole. Bone was maybe a bit rough with Fireheart and it infuriated her to see her mate be treated like that. But Fireheart's stoic face showed no sign is discontent or fury of his treatment. These...BloodClan cats escorted them to another part of twolegplace and down an alleyway. There were far more cats here and almost all of them wore spiked or toothed collars. Sitting crouched and imposingly on a dumpster was a petite black tom with a white paw and a toothed

collar and piercing eyes the color of ice. Fireheart grunted as he was pushed and pinned down to the ground by the massive tom as he heard a "thump" from paws and reinforced claws hitting pavement as he came over.

"Fireheart! Let him go you mangepelt!"snapped Sandstorm, trying to breakthrough.

"Silence in front of Scourge, you forest cat! You'll speak when spoken to!"hissed Ice, swiftly pinning the feisty she-cat.

Longtail wanted to help him but the situation was not looking good; even he knew that. He didn't know why but he found himself now standing over a frightened and trembling Princess. Just why was he protecting this she-cat anyways?

Scourge though looked the tom over, a twinkle of curiosity in his cold gaze. This tom looked like almost a mirror image of his father. Right down to his green eyes, which unfortunately he could tell were sightless. Was it cause of those scars on his eyes? He had seen plenty of wounds like this from cats he had brought under his rule. He'd seen injuries that would traumatize a kit for heaven's sake! But the look in this tom's eyes...they were the eyes of somebody that had been through hell and back again. *"Is it possible?"*thought the BloodClan leader.

"Release them."he meowed.

This shocked all the rogues around them, but they did as told and Sandstorm rushed to her mate's side as did Longtail and Princess as the pale ginger she-cat frantically licked her love's fur as Fireheart got to his paws.

"Tell me, why are you in BloodClan's territory? Choose your words wisely for they may end up being your last."advised Scourge with a warning tone in voice as he lashed his tail.

"Scourge, correct? We are only passing through, nothing more."said Fireheart firmly.

Scourge studied the tom for any sign he was lying: a twitch of the

ear, a quiver of his tail even. But none could be seen. A smirk graced his face, which was a rare sight to see of this tom outside of a battle. "I see you are not lying, speak your name."

"Fireheart and these are Longtail, Sandstorm, and my sister Princess."he informed, pointing towards each scent with his tail.

Now Scourge was very intrigued before he motioned for a siamese seal-point with a cross shaped scar on his chest to come over. "Chrome, show our guests a proper accommodations. They shall stay as my guests for the even then a patrol shall escort off our turf."

"Yes, sir."Chrome chirped with a bow before going over to the small group.

"Y-you're helping us, but why?"mewed Fireheart in surprise.

"Don't get the wrong idea, I just want you off my territory. Nothing more and nothing less."he hissed.

Chrome then ushered them away and took them to a near by park just a block away. Chrome was actually a very kind and sweet tom. Fireheart found it odd for such a cat to belong to a clan of rogues. But Chrome explained every cat in BloodClan had their reasons for admiring and following Scourge. The group were settled to a patch of rose bushes that framed a fountain.

Scourge was lounging from a roof top that over looked his alleyway as he had watched Chrome take the cats away. His gaze never leaving the ginger shape going towards the park. He looked thoughtful and even confused. Why did he feel compelled back there to spare that group, a blind cat no less?

"Tiny, you must still have a heart inside huh?"he whispered under his breath.

Tonight, yes...tonight he had to confirm for himself what was plaguing his psyche. Was this Fireheart and Princess really his younger kin? Did they share the exact same father? For now he felt sleepy so he allowed for the warm embrace of slumber to claim

him.

Back in the forest danger like no other had broken loose as large ominous shapes sleeked into the night. Fangs like daggers bared as a haunting noise broke through the night...

"Pack pack, kill kill!"

To Be Continued...

Chapter 4: Blood Bonds Us All

[image]

It was evening by the time the sleek, petite shadow had arrived at the water fountain in the park. Eyes of ice glowing as they reflexed the moonlight in the dark of the night. His tail twitched out of excitement but also uncertianty as he heard the rhymthic breaths of slumbering cats. Slowly he stalked over silently and poked his head under the rose bush and spotted the cat he was looking for and went in. Slowly he went over to the slumbering ginger tom and started to prod him with his paw, earning some grumbling sleep chatters.

"Wake up."mewed Scourge.

Fireheart moaned as he with tired sightless green eyes yawned and stretched his limbs. It took him a moment but he instantly caught the BloodClan leader's familar scent. Causing the tom to lock his gaze onto the petite tom.

"Scourge...what are you doing here at this hour?"he yawned.

"Come with me, Fireheart. I'd like to talk."mewed Scourge as he turned to leave.

Fireheart simply blinked in confusion but quietly he got up and with care as to not wake his mate, sister, and friend sleeked out from under the bush. Letting his other senses be his guide as he followed Scourge to another park of the park. From the scent it seemed to be a large pond maybe? He could smell the musky water and the reeds and hear shockingly, frogs singing. If it weren't for a coming far off siren in the direction of the thunderpath he would have thought he was back in the forest as he took a seat by the shorter tom.

"Why did you wanted to see me?"the ginger tom finally asked.

"i needed to confirm something...something only you can

answer."meowed Scourge smoothly.

"i'm listening, if I can give you answer I will."chirped Fireheart, one of his ears swerved towards Scourge.

"I-If your father by chance a ginger tom by the name of Jake...?"Scourge sounded oddly nervous and maybe even hopeful? It was a tone the tom was shocked to hear.

Fireheart's expression he gave next was one of surprise and it was all the confirmation he needed. "Y-you knew my father?"

Scourge's turn to be surprised when he heard the younger tom's words at infact now giving a onfirmation now completely set in stone. For the first time in al ong time the black tom broke into laughter.

"Knew him? He was MY father as well Fireheart!"laughed Scourged.

Fireheart's eyes lit up with astonishment but also amazement and...was that delight Scourge saw in those fiery green emerald depths? He'd never seen a cat so excited. Not since his own generals had taken control of this entire twolegplace. Heck, Scourge would be lying if he said he wasn't excited himself.

"Guess that makes you my little brother."purred Scourge as he found himself make a move to playfully cuff the ginger tom over the ears.

Fireheart though was actually faster to dodge it then Scourge had expected. Scourge had at least one blind cat in his clan's care, patrially blind but she was a queen expecting his own kits.

"You have the reflexes of a fighter, good very good. I'd expect nothing less from my own kin."chirped Scourge.

Despite the praise Fireheart deflated and looked angry and was that defeat the leader saw on the scarred tom's face? Now Scourge was NOT gonna let that stay. Not on his newly discovered little brother.

"Fireheart what's with that look on your face? That is not a look my kin should have."chirped Scourge.

"I can't fight, not anymore..."sighed Fireheart as dug his claws into the damp earth.

What Scourge said next surprised the exiled ThunderClan warrior.

"Dogshit you can't! You got four good legs, sharp fangs, four good sets of claws, and better reflexes then some of my cats!"hissed Scourge, his tail lashing wildly.

"But my eyes-"Scourge was fast to cut him off with putting his tail on his mouth.

"Screw that, screw being able to see! I know cats here that get along just fine without it! Now it's time to stop feeling sorry for yourself little brother!"snapped Scourge as he got up and made a turn to leave.

Fireheart was fast to hurry after his new found kin, not wanting to be left alone there by the pond. "Wh-where are you going?"

"You mean WE are going. We're gonna fix your so called problem."said the BloodClan leader in a icy determined tone.

Fireheart simply looked confused and baffled; it amused the older tom.

"I'm gonna personally teach you to fight, turn your disability into your greatest strength!"sneered Scourged.

Two very young figures followed by two older ones were creeping through the forest brush as they followed after a golden yellow queen. Fear scent leaked off them from the uncertainty and ominous danger that they did not know whom or what it was. But still they remained cautious as they left the forest behind them.

"And you're sure uncle went this way?"chirped a fluffy snow white tom of about a year old.

"No doubt about it, it's stale but they went towards Twolegplace."mewed the black and white patched tom, clearly just a bit older then the white one.

"Are we really doing the right thing, um I mean leaving ThunderClan I mean?"chirped a ginger and white splotched she-cat.

"I won't expose my kits to the clan's ridicule anymore cause of my ex's foolishness. No, we keep moving."chirped the golden queen, her two little bundles huddled close to her.

"Yes, we keep going until we find my uncle. But if you wanna go crawl back to psycho blue be my guest."huffed the white apprentice.

"Go back, like in silverpelt I'm leaving you alone to fend for a queen and kits Cloudpaw!"snapped the black and white apprentice.

"Swiftpaw's right Cloudpaw, you can't protect Goldenflower, Tawnykit, and Bramblekit all on your own."pointed out the ginger and white she-cat.

"Now young ones that's quite enough. Let's hurry onwards. I'll feel better when we find a safe place to sleep."scolded Goldenflower.

The young trio nodded and hurried into twolegplace, helping the queen with the slumbering kits. Cloudpaw just hoped his uncle hadn't made too far ahead of them.

Scourge smirked as he dodged yet another blow from his ginger pelted brother. Crowds of cats cheering and gloating them on both young and old. Some even placing bets on who would win this sparing match. From the old to even kits were getting in on the action. Scourge had declared Fireheart and his friends would stay with them for a little while longer and they were to be treated with the utmost respect and given full privileges during their stay.

It had been a couple weeks now in fact.

Scourge was amazed at the speed at which his brother picked up on things during the time he had taken his little brother under his mentorship. He had even assigned someone to teach his little sister, Princess to help her grow some backbone. And it was working wonderfully! Fireheart despite his inability to see was using all his other senses to fight even better then his own generals like Bone. Fireheart was using his touch, his smell, and his hearing to make

split second judgments.

Yes, his brother knew how to fight already.

He just needed to make changes.

And Scourge was very pleased by Fireheart's progress in fact. He could see the confidence that slowly returned to his eyes each time they trained like this. Saw the light return to those fiery green orbs and the way he now held himself in dignity and pride. Yes, this was how his kin should hold himself.

Scourge before long though had his brother pinned to the ground, signally the match was over as Fireheart touched the black tom's shoulder with his fluffy tail. "You got me, Scourge."chuckled Fireheart.

Scourge laughed and allowed the tom to get up, "You came close this time. Be proud of that as not many can do that to me."

"You still upset that I have to leave your territory tomorrow?"mewed Fireheart as he left with his brother.

"Nah, you'll fine now. I have confidence our paths will cross some how , some day."Scourge said smoothly. "But first there's somebody I want you to meet," and almost as an after thought the leader quickly added, "Bring our sister."

"Sure."chuckled Fireheart.

The two brothers for the time being parted ways. Fireheart headed towards the park and Scourge, well, he wanted very much to go see the she-cat that was carrying his legacy.

To Be Continued...

Chapter 5: Siren

[image]

Under the light of dusk three cats roamed through the streets. A petite black tom with a toothed collar, a scarred ginger tom, and a cinnamon and white tabby she-cat. These were Scourge, Fireheart, and Princess. Scourge calmly lead his little brother and sister down a more older but also more nicer looking part of the twolegplace. A rich canopy of maple trees flanked and shadowed the small thunderpath along the sidewalks. Monsters were parked by these smaller dens, no sound coming from them at all. The twoleg dens themselves were older but classy and looked rather cozy for the countless twoleg families as the sounds of their kits at play reached the blind tom's ears.

Scourge had wanted them to meet somebody.

Fireheart couldn't fathom who it was as they lead them on and into a yard and from the scent seemed to be a huge apple tree. The sound of a muffled "thathump" as the ripened fruit landed on the ground. It had a sort of bitter sweet scent to it, but it wasn't completely unpleasant.

"Wait there."chirped Scourge.

Princess watched her newly found older brother she and Fireheart had gotten to know with ease jump onto the window's flower planter and unsheathed a set of reinforced claws and started tapping the glass. It didn't take long for her to see a figure of a rather unique looking cat appear in the view of the window. She watched scourge motion for this cat to come outside. It took some time but soon the cat came into the yard through a electric cat door, her belly was showing a little...was she pregnant? She was beyond gorgeous with her elegant body with short fur as white as a pearl. But it was her eyes that amazed Princess; they were two different colors and gleamed like precious jewels! One eye was blue as ice just like Scourge while the other was a reddish copper. She was surprised to see the blue eye was sightless, frosted over from

blindness just like her brother.

"Ah you must my darling's little brother and sister."purred the kittypet in greeting.

"Yes, i'm Fireheart and this is Princess."introduced Fireheart with a smile.

Scourge soon came over to flank the snow white queen, nuzzling her fondly and looking almost maybe even protectively possessive of her maybe? Princess couldn't tell. But the fire of passion in Scourge's normally cold gaze had a softness she never thought possible.

"This is who i wanted you two to meet. This is Siren...my mate."chirped Scourge.

Truth be told as he stood there by his mate, his face went noticeably sour with thoughts of worry and concern. He still remembered last night the look th-that MONSTER from an enemy rogue group had given to his beloved mate whom was also one of Scourge's top generals. It was a look that made him come *so close* to loosing it then and there and shredding the MetalClan leader to bits where he stood. No he had to be patient and clever, yes had to wait as it was not time.

"Fireheart, Princess, I am not one to make requests but I am making an exception this one time."meowed Scourge.

"Of course, we're kin."mewed Princess.

"If I can help I will, Scourge so I'm all ears."Fireheart calmly sat down as his tail wrapped around his paws.

Scourge nodded before looking over at his mate in a silent exchange, Siren giving a soft purr before giving the petite tom a reassuring lick between the eyes. Mumuring sweet words only the BloodClan leader could understand. Scourge then locked his eyes onto his half siblings with a serious look.

"Take Siren with you, and run. She is not safe here and she carries my kits. Once I deal with some...matters I'll come for her. Until then

take her as part of your own."Scourge's expression was cold and stoic but his eyes and tone were that of somebody scared and desperate.

Fireheart closed his eyes in thought for a moment. A queen, in her second trimester of pregnancy would be a valuable addition to the clan he was hoping to start once out of twolegplace. She was stable enough to travel and being one of his brother's generals meant she was a strong and able fighter. He had told his brother of his plans and his own mate, sister, and friend knew of Fireheart's desire to form a clan all his own. If Scourge was asking him of all cats to take Siren and flee there must have been a good reason. Slowly he opened his eyes to reveal a spark blaze in their depths.

"Alright, we'll leave tonight with Siren under the cover of dark. You must have your reasons, but I won't ask what they are. We'll keep her safe, after wasn't you who said blood bonds us all?"chirped Fireheart, touching his nose to Scourge's.

Scourge let out a breath he was not aware he had been holding as he let out a rumbling purr. He was delighted his brother had remembered his clan's motto. "Yes, blood bonds us all."

Siren though despite her fears trusted Scourge as she sadly nuzzled her mate, clearly on the verge of tears. But she knew it was for her's and the sake of BloodClan's legacy she would run. Run and live and wait for him to come get her. "I'll wait for you for eternity if I have to my love."she purred softly.

"i know you will Siren. Serve my little brother well until i send for you."murmured Scourge sadly.

With those final words Siren left with Fireheart and Princess for the park all while the small black pelted leader watched with a sort of melancholy look on his face. Now, now he had to just hope they escaped the gazes of his foe's attention in time.

He didn't know how but some how Fireheart, Longtail, Sandstorm, Princess, and Siren had made it out of twolegplace in one piece. Sandstorm and Siren had hit it off without a hitch as they were now chatting as they walked along an old stone bridge that had these

weird metal and wood paths on them. Siren had called it a Rumblepath; it was kind of like a thunderpath but this truly massive monster was the only thing that ran on it that spewed smoke and made a StarClan horrible sound.

"You sure of this Siren?"meowed Sandstorm in uncertainty.

"Of course darling, there is a ranch up ahead where we can spend the night and beyond that is forest and rolling hills by a creek. it should serve what you guys are looking for."soothed the snow white queen.

"You better be right, my paws are killing me! I want to feel grass under my paws again."huffed Longtail, earn a chuckle from Princess.

"You're as crabby as a badger right now Longtail, I would think you'd be glad we were out of twolegplace now."teased Fireheart, a twinkle of amusement in his eyes.

"Yeah well, I've never been beyond the forest I knew."sighed the pale tabby.

"Have some patience, we'll be there before you know it."pointed out Sandstorm as they left the rumblepath behind them.

Fireheart purred as he followed after. It was slow but he could see-not literally-that his clan was starting to take shape. He would make a code they would follow. Some laws he knew he wanted to stay the same while others he wanted to change for the better. It would take time, but he knew with full confidence now...

The sparks had been ignited.

To Be Continued...

Chapter 6: Legacy of Blood

[image]

Leafbare was defiantly in full swing if not close to it's end. The smell and sounds of a monster in the far distance harvesting hay reached the group's ears while sheep lazily grazed in the field. Leading the way was Siren, the queen clearly had been struggling a little from being heavy with kits. Even Fireheart could tell by the sounds of panting. It concerned the tom since if he was right then his sister-in-law was due and soon. They just might have to stop soon unless they found a suitable camp to call home.

"Hey, we probably should stop soon guys, even if just for a break to hunt and catch our bearings."Fireheart mewed quickly.

Longtail gave a nod of agreement, "The kit has a point, you don't look so good Siren."

"N-Nonsense darling...*pant* I-I'm ok to keep going..."she mewed.

"No you're not, you need to rest."urged Sandstorm in worry.

"Is there somewhere we can go? I don't think standing out here in a field of um, what didja call these things again, sheep? Would be a good idea."mewed Princess with an anxious flick of her tail tip.

Fireheart glanced around his world of darkness as he opened his maw and started to scent the air. There had to be a place somewhere! He tried hard to remember what the scents of barley's barn would have smelled like. Mice, old wood, and bails of hay both fresh and old. He continued until he caught this mingled scent, though faint it was there and seemed to be mixed with sheep scent. Sandstorm was the first to notice what her mate was up to.

"You got a scent Fireheart?"she mewed.

"There's a barn near by, though it's faint."he said, pointing in the direction of the scent. "There'll be prey there too."

Little did they know the group was being watched by a pair of golden amber eyes that glowed in the shadows. A soft twinkle of a tiny bell being lost to the more harsh chimes of the bells on some of the sheep below. A fanged mischievous grin graced the figure's face. "Well, well if it isn't my brother and sister, I think I'll show them a little hospitality."he muttered under his breath with a snicker as he watched.

Run.

They had to run!

This place was crazy as the small group lead by Swiftpaw was running for their lives away and out of MetalClan's territory. Unfortunately that was leading straight into BloodClan's. Two new cats had joined them; a pair of brothers that had been badly hurt by MetalClan. They were no more then little kits with one being a golden ginger tabby and the other a runt with golden calico fur and amber eyes. Their names were Copper and Dragon. Dragon was most certainly a little firecracker and smart too and more then able to get around despite missing a leg from literally having it chopped off by a psycho cat with a scythe. Dragon's brother, Copper was a bit bigger then his littermate but was more calm and polite. Swiftpaw frowned as he knew NOTHING about healing as both the kits were badly hurt. Goldenflower and Brightpaw had refused to leave them behind, wanting to respect the wishes of the brothers' mother that had died of hunger and sickness.

Swiftpaw cursed under his breath as they now found themselves surrounded utterly and completely by this new patrol of cats. They had underestimated them just cause they had collars. Now cause of that Brightpaw was in a bad way, Goldenflower had injured her shoulder, Bramblekit and Tawnykit were scared out of their tiny skulls, Cloudpaw was limping from a twisted ankle, and Swiftpaw himself was almost just as badly hurt as he was running on nothing but adrenaline rushing through his body.

But what happened next was what shocked them as a petite black tom with a menacing air of authority sleeked through the cats that parted a way for him. Swiftpaw gulped; this small cat no bigger then himself was clearly these rogues' leader. Eyes of ice that froze

him in place, just daring him and his comrades to be stupid as reinforced claws scraped against the unnatural ground under their paws.

"Well what do we have here? A bunch of forest cats again?"sneered the tom.

Swiftpaw knew one thing: They were screwed.

Fireheart let out a yelp of surprise as he just barely jumped out of the way from the sudden surprise attack-if you wanted to call it that-happened. He and the others stood on guard as they surrounded Siren whom was in no shape to fight. Amber eyes gleamed in mirth as the light moved to reveal a dark ginger tom with long fur, white paws and blaze was revealed. He wore a green studded leather collar with red rhinestones and a tiny bell. He had a impish grin on his face as his eyes twinkled with a prankster's mischief.

"W-wait a second...Orion!?"squeaked Princess in surprise.

"Hey what's shaking Lil' sis?"chirped the strange farm cat.

It took a moment but the scent and the voice soon made Fireheart laugh as he tackled and pinned his brother, "You little troublemaker! i thought you were a rogue!"

Orion grunted from being tackled but laughed as he let a playful growl out at being pinned by his brother. The others looked right down confused at the scene they were seeing.

"Wait a minute, the brat has a brother?"squeaked Longtail, his tail twitching.

"Seems so. I heard from Fireheart about Princess, but I never knew they had a brother."sighed Sandstorm with a sweat drop at the siblings now wrestling each other.

Siren though found it amusing, "Scourge acts like that with Bone and me."

Siren though ended up flinching as a shock wave of pain went

through her This swiftly got everyone's attention in particularly Princess as the cinnamon tabby rushed over to the crouched, pained queen. A look of stern seriousness graced the former kittypet's face.

"Siren's going into labor, quick help me get her into spot where she can kit safely."mewed Princess in urgency.

"There's a old broken barrel in the corner full of wool and hay. Would that work?"quickly asked Orion.

"Yes!"mewed Princess as she hurried with help from Sandstorm to usher Siren over into the barrel. "Longtail go find something for her to bite on!"

"I'm on it!"Longtail swiftly dashed outside to go find something like a branch or something.

Fireheart unfortunately knew he could do jack squat to be of help for Siren as he sat there with his brother. Orion's fear scent was weak but it voiced the concerns the ginger tom was feeling. He had no idea Siren was this close to kitting. Had Scourge sent her with them knowing this? Had he really been wrong of just how far along she really was back when they first met Siren? But then again he wasn't a medicine cat. But the doubts and worries were now causing the tom to pace about as Longtail raced back in with some reed stems from a pond he had found. Unfortunately said tom was now forced to wait with the others while Princess helped Siren through the night.

It was no shocker; Princess had kitted before so of course she'd know how to help the queen. Everything would be ok wouldn't they? As if StarClan were answering his prayers tiny high pitched wails pierced the the darkness of the night. First it was one and then one more before the wails quieted down as one tired and very much messy Princess left the barrel just as dawn's light was just starting to peak through the holes in the barn.

"Well how'd it go?"asked Fireheart in unrest.

"Did everything go ok?"chirped Longtail, mirroring the brothers' concern.

"Everything went fine. Two kits, a tom and a she-kit."purred Princess before going off to groom herself and get some rest.

"Well looks like we'll be stuck here in your barn Orion for awhile."mewed Sandstorm.

"Any friends of my bro, is a friend of mine sweet whiskers."mewed Orion only to earn a smack over the head from Fireheart. "Ow, what was that for!?"

"I see you haven't changed. Always chasing after every she-cat you see. So let me clue you in...do *NOT* flirt with *MY* mate!"hissed Fireheart.

Orion just pouted while the others still awake laughed as they all went to get some much needed rest. After all it looked like they weren't going anywhere for the next couple days. At least not until Siren had recovered and the kits were old enough.

To Be Continued...

Chapter 7: Scourge's Wrath

[image]

Damn.

Damn!

Those cats had gotten away from his clutches and escaped his oh so perfect trap that prevented any from trying to escape. But what had really made his blood boil over was that they had escaped with Bracken of BloodClan's Elite Guard's two tiny sons. Those two would have been the perfect bargaining chips against that brat and his group that were growing in numbers every day! What's more that delicious she-cat with eyes like the finest jewels had escaped, ESCAPED! The spotted, one eyed tom was furious as he had intended to take that she-cat for his own.

Damn that brat!

The dusty lynx hybrid was stained with blood as a furious and deranged look on his face as he stood over the bodies of several cats, his short tail lashing about. None of the other cats dared get close in fear they too would suffer this cat's wrath. His one yellow eye glistened with a glint of a psychopath. Yes it would not be wise to approach this tom while he was in one of his fits.

Oh yes, that brat would pay.

Scourge had been surprised to learn that these cats were from ThunderClan, his brother's old clan. But even more surprised when he learned the spunky white one was in fact Princess's little boy. He had his patrol take them away and had Bracken's little ones taken to one of the few cats here in his care that knew healing: Quince, a albino that lived over by a greenhouse that didn't like going out in the sun too much. Something about always getting burned by it or whatever. Scourge right now was sitting on the dumpster, tail lashing and very much furious which was a death sentence to any that caught the small tom in his horrible mood.

"Scourge?"came a voice that entered his alleyway.

That voice was Snake's.

Still not in a good mood he sat up and locked his cold gaze onto the cat in question. Whispers from around him were placing bets or muttering about stuff he couldn't be bothered to care about.

"Out with it Snake."he hissed.

Snake looked a tad nervous but stood his ground as he spoke up but remained submissive, "Dragon is now stable and so is the ginger and white kit. Plague's stronghold has been located as well."

Scourge unknowingly felt his shoulders relax at this news. Good, Bracken's little boy would survive the damage that bastard had done. But soon a vicious and malicious grin spread on his maw at learning MetalClan had been found. Yes, oh yes that bastard would rule the day he had decided to mess around with BloodClan. Without delay he jumped down and delight to make a point he ran his reinforced claws down the brick walls, leaves dents in them as he sharpened his claws.

"BloodClan, to me. Tonight MetalClan shall learn true fear!"sneered Scourge.

Like ants storming out of their nest cats started creeping out seemingly from the wood work and out of every shadow, nook, and cranny. Eyes glowing in the moon light as a pale blood red harvest moon shined over head.

The night was cold as it howled and banged against the barn shutters that night. Fireheart could not sleep as he quietly sleeked out from his makeshift nest. The eerie reddish gold glow making the scarred tom's fiery pelt shine copper in the moonlight. He couldn't explain it but he felt compelled to go over to Siren's sleeping form. Gingerly he touched his day old niece and nephew with his nose. Earning some squeaks from the suckling kits as one of them unknowningly took a swipe at him. Making the ginger tom jolt back in surprise. But amusement shined in his green emerald eyes.

Then he was surprise as for some reason his eyesight came back as a voice reached his ears, "Beautiful aren't they? So full of potential."

Fireheart turned around with a start to see a ghostly speckled grey tom with shaggy fur and sky blue eyes. Starshine twinkled in his fur as a cold fire like mist covered his paws. Now Fireheart understood, he was seeing cause only because StarClan was willing it. The strange StarClan tom was using his shaggy tail to soothe a fidgeting kit. For the first time he was seeing Siren and everything around him. The kits were as beautiful as Princess had described them. The she-kit had medium length fur with ginger patches covered in black as half her face was ginger while the other was black as night. The tom looked a lot like Scourge with some splotches of white on his leg, paw, and one side of his face.

"Yes they are beautiful, but who are you?"mewed Fireheart softly.

"My name is of no concern, but these kits will need you in the future. Show them, lead them on a path that'll change the forest."mewed the spirit in amusement.

"What are you talking about?"demanded Fireheart.

"You'll see in time. All in due time Fireheart."the tom mewed before vanishing.

Fireheart panicked as his world once more was swallowed up into the darkest abyss. He wanted to know what the heck that tom was talking about and who he was. But he guessed he wasn't getting even that tonight!

Scourge was leading his clan into battle.

Metalclan had to go if all of Twolegplace was to be his. Along the way they had run into young Cloudpaw and Swiftpaw after much arguing had been allowed to come along. Scourge's only guess his nephew wanted revenge; he knew the look of a cat that wanted to deliver payback. Swiftpaw and Cloudpaw proved they were strong fighters as the chaos raged around him. Some cats had been lost to MetalClan's dirty tactics. He watched on top from a broken, dead monster's snout with a lash of his tail. Eyes of icy daggers looking

for the coward that dared to harm one of his generals! His eyes landed on the cat in question.

He sneered and sleeked into the shadows as the pale harvest moon shined bright. "Oh no you don't you're not getting away this time!"he thought. With a snarl he launched himself at the much bigger tom. He gasped as he felt a sudden pain as he let go and jumped away. The brute had got him with something sharp and as the clouds parted he saw in fury the tom had a sharp sort of twoleg thing grasped in his fangs around the slight broken handle as it dripped with blood.

"Coward, only fools fight with dirty tricks like that! Fight like a real cat you bastard, Plague!"snarled Scourge.

Plague sneered as he tossed the object aside. His tongue sleeking out to swipe over blood that stained his fangs and maw. "Yes, little brat let me see you *bleed*. Yes let me hear you scream as torture you again and again. Let me see the terror as I slaughter your kittens and take your mate."laughed Plague as he went back on the assault.

Scourge's blood ran cold and was just as fast replaced with fury. This tom was MAD, no he was beyond that! Scourge was now seeing red as he went in and manged to get the huge tom off balanced and sliced down hard with no mercy from the tom's throat down to his belly before landing back on the ground while Plague crashed to the ground in a bloody thud in a pile of trash and junk. The MetalClan cats stared at him in fear as they scattered like the vermin they were. Nobody threatened Siren, nobody!

"Scourge! Scourge! Scourge!"chanted and cheered BloodClan in joy as he stood there with a frightening look on his face, blood staining his fur.

Swiftpaw and Cloudpaw looked at each other nervously making a mental note: Don't piss off Scourge.

Weeks Later...

Later on Scourge decided to to grant the small group permission to take Dragon and his brother is they wanted away from here,

pointing them in the direction Fireheart had left. Brightpaw was limping badly and her eye was still swollen from the wounds. Dragon was out cold and clearly in pain, worrying his littermate. But Quince had assured them he was stable enough to travel now that it had been a few weeks. Bramblekit and Tawnykit were very much old enough to have started training had they still been in their birth clan. Cloudpaw watch the three kits playing as they crossed the rumblepath. Following the distinct paw prints left in the gravel between the metal and wood. Goldenflower up ahead had set a easy pace for the injured to follow as she carried poor Dragon's injured body.

The white tom looked up at the rising sun, trembling a little a vicious frigid blast of air. Leafbare was more then certianly on the way. But if what Scourge had said was true then his uncle shouldn't be far now. At least he hoped so.

"Where ever you are Fireheart, we'll be with you soon."he whispered.

Chapter 8: A New Home

[image]

It was getting cold.

Fireheart could feel it bite through his fur that was still growing into it's leafbare pelt. They had just entered a forest that flanked the ranch Orion calls home. They all agreed on one thing: that this forest would be perfect and even in the cold and musky scent of decaying leaves the air was rich with the scent of prey. He could hear a brook in the distance as squirrels and chipmunks chattered with the birds. But while they had everything they would surely need here they still needed a place to call home.

"How much farther mama?"whined the chimera she-kit.

"Yeah how much farther?"squeaked the little tom kit.

Fireheart chuckled as he listen, his ears swerving behind him towards the source. Siren's kits were lively but still clumsy and unsteady on their paws as they had only just started learning to walk. He couldn't tell but Sandstorm had said the kits' eyes were slowly every so surely starting to gain their adult colors. He stopped when he heard the tom fall with a thud. "Probably tripped over his own paws again, the little scamp."he thought as he turned around and picked the kick up by the scruff and set him back on his paws.

"Careful now Phantom. Don't go getting too excited or you'll keep tripping."purred Fireheart with amusement.

Phantom chuckled though his ears were flat with embarrassment, "Yes uncle Fwireheart."

"You both are just as impatient as Snake, good grief. We'll get to our home when we get there, Phantom and Empress."purred Siren in a scolding tone as amusement shined in her jewel-like eyes.

The group laughed at this as they continued forward. It was then

Longtail decided to speak up, "I think some of us should split up and search for a camp and meet by the brook. What do you think kit? it's your call."

"Hm, that might not be a bad idea. I'll stay with Siren and the kits the rest spread out."instructed the ginger tom.

The others nodded and swiftly dashed off in opposite directions. Longtail with Princess went west; it didn't surprise him as Longtail seemed oddly very fond and protective of the cinnamon tabby lately. Orion went east and Sandstorm went north. Fireheart flicked his tail for Siren and the two kits to follow as they went south towards the brook where they would wait and meet up. Occasionally having to carry the twins when they got tired.

Cinderpelt lashed her tail anxiously as she washed her paws in the stream to clean the blood off her paws. She let out a sigh as she sat there looking at her reflection as a oak leaf dancing in the breeze fell and shattered the reflection. Her clan was in trouble as she had just bid farewell to Mistyfoot and Stonepelt...her late leader's own kits. Bluestar had failed to name a succesor before she had died of exhaustion and nearly drowning. At the last possible moment the leader had turned around, snapping out of her insanity.

But that still left them with a problem: they were without a deputy and without a leader.

They had lost great assets to the clan after Fireheart was exiled and Longtail and Sandstorm had gone with him into exile. That had been moons ago now. Then the next blow had been Goldenflower leaving with her kits and Cloudpaw and even Swiftpaw and Brightpaw. Their clan had become so desperate and small now...was this StarClan punishing them or some cruel twist of fate? The medicine cat did not know.

"Please...give me a sign StarClan. I-I don't know what to do! My clan is falling a apart at the seems and my clan is in turmoil and panic. W-we need a leader..."she mewed as she looked up to the cloudy sky.

They needed a sign.

They needed...hope.

"Hey guys, I got a scent!"squeaked the brown tabby tom, practically bouncing on his paws in delight.

The small group quickly hurried over to the young apprentice aged tom and sniffed things out for themselves. Sure enough there it was; it had changed but there was no mistaking that scent of rich in brambles and maple. That was Fireheart's scent!

"Way to go Bramblekit, and it's fresh too!"praised Goldenflower.

"Score, not long now. They must be in this forest somewhere."mewed Cloudpaw in delight.

"Scourge's little brother? He fights almost as well as Scourge does despite him being much bigger."squeaked Copper.

"Scourge is not small, furball!"hissed Dragon.

"You're one to talk pipsqueak."chuckled Swiftpaw as he poked the kit in the side.

Unfortunately Swiftpaw just said the one thing that sent the little kit flying off the handle.

"WHO YOU CALLING SO SMALL A FLEA WOULDN'T EVEN SEE!"snarled Dragon in fury while being held back by his scruff by Tawnykit.

"Dude, whatch whit!"she mewed through a mouth full of fur.

"Brother's a little um, sensitive about him being a runt."said Copper with a sweat drop.

"Well he's certianly lively and a scrapper. That's a good thing, means he's feeling a lot better."purred Goldenflower as they all ventured into the forest.

Sleeking through the brush as leaves danced on the frigid breeze the pale tabby was walking behind the former kittypet tabby she-cat. Ugh he hate to admit it but she was hot...no bad Longtail get those

thoughts out of your head! He shook his head, ears and face hot with embarrassment. Princess wasn't forest born but then why was he so drawn to her? That sleek body that held class and dignity with each step, long fur that looked like bark with her tabby patterns, eyes that burned like embers, and a voice like honey. He swiftly shook his head again.

Damn was he actually falling for the brat's sister?

B-but if she was anything like the brat in terms of potential-and she'd shown she was-then she had a warrior's soul too. Oh the code go and shove it for all he cared, Princess was one fine she-cat! He was shaken from his thoughts when he heard a surprised shriek and a crash. His legs just moved on their own as he raced forward and out of the bushes only to fall flat on his face as well.

"Oh dear you alright Longtail?"chirped Princess as she stood over the tom.

"Shut up, I'm fine."he grumbled as he got up.

His sight was greeted by a true massive oak tree, probably hundreds of years old. It was positively massive as he stared and gawked at the sight of it. No wonder Princess had been shocked!

Princess giggled as she hurried over to it, "Look, look! Some foxes and a bunch of birds seemed to live in the burrows and holes in the trunk once upon a time."

She was right.

Longtail went over to investigate further and there were easily enough dens here for a clan. The scents of predators long gone but the ancient evidence remained. With a bit of work and maintenance this old tree would make the perfect camp! During the warmer moons the leaves would provide easy shelter too from the elements.

"I think this could work, think you can go fetch the others while I inspect a bit more?"asked Longtail.

"Sure. Shouldn't be hard, just follow the scent of water and milk-scent right?"Longtail nodded his head in agreement.

With surprising speed Princess was off while Longtail got to work. He started checking out each den. The one farther up in the trunk was by a massive branch so climbing was easy as he poked his head inside. He sniffed and didn't detect any sign of owl or any kind of birds of prey and thankfully no scent of sickness. This was not a very big den and from his view point he thought it'd make a perfect place for a clan leader. Yes, the brat would love this den. Longtail then climbed back down to check out a area surrounded by tangled roots where some moss and lichen were growing a thick curtain down to the ground. He carefully moved them aside and the area was big with the bark having nooks and crannies by the base of the roots. From the looks of thing you could easily fit at least three or four cats.

Maybe this would make a good den for a medicine cat?

He continued over to a burrow towards the back of the tree that was hidden in a tangle of roots. It was very well hidden he actually almost missed it! Inside was massive with tiny roots coming off the ceiling. You could easily keep kits and queens safely hidden away and warm in here. He sleeked though it to find a connecting tunnel that lead out to two no three different burrows of roughly the same sizes. They would defiantly make good dens for any elders, apprentices, and warriors. His ear twitched as he heard voices outside so quickly he scurried out one of the four exits and came out to see Fireheart and the others.

"Well what do you think guys, impress if I do say so my self?"smirked Longtail proudly.

"Furball I'm the one that found it first!"chirped Princess as she playfully swatted Longtail over the ears with her paw, earning a chuckle from the pale tabby.

Fireheart was already having inspection of his own and it didn't take him long to find each den, letting his other senses tell him everything he needed to know. He eventually came out of the den in the trunk of the tree, calmly lying down contently on the branch as he locked onto the other's scents and voices below.

"Well done, both of you. Everyone we are home."declared the

ginger tom in delight.

The remark earned cheers and purrs of delight from the others. Eagerly Siren was shown by Longtail where the nursery was going to be, and she approved as she ushered her kits inside. Sandstorm was fast to take Princess and Longtail out to go mark the boundaries while they worked on gathering prey. Fireheart in the mean time was left to kit-sit while Siren went about getting nests built for everyone. But Phantom and Empress were not gonna just sit idle; they wanted to help. Fireheart assured them there would be plenty of chances as he basked in the sun.

His ears perked though when he heard rustling and the scent of cat reached his nose. He instantly jumped down from his perch on one of the roots and stood on alert as the tiny kits hurried behind him out of fear. Then out stepped from the bushes and ferns Cloudpaw, Goldenflower, Swiftpaw, Brightpaw, Bramblekit, Tawnykit, Copper, and Dragon.

"Uncle Fireheart!"squealed Cloudpaw as he dashed forward practically brawled over the poor blind tom.

"C-Cloudpaw!?"he squeaked in surprise.

Cloudpaw yelped as he felt something dig dull baby claws into his tail." Hey!"

"Lwet gwo of uncle Fwire!"hissed Phantom.

"Yeah weave him alone bully!"snapped Empress.

"Get them off, get these brats off of me!"shrieked poor Cloudpaw as he tried to get them off as he ran around looking positively stupid as he bucked around like a lame horse.

The other laughed at the sight as Goldenflower helped poor stunned Fireheart to his paws. he still couldn't believe his own senses as he finally managed to get Cloudpaw free of two feisty BloodClan born kittens. The poor white tom looked like he had fallen into a burr bush as he sat there panting and eye twitching.

"How in StarClan's name did you find me? Actually scratch that,

why are you guys here?"he mewed.

"We left, Bluestar is running ThunderClan into the ground. She refused to make the three of us warriors."meowed Brightpaw. "Swiftpaw decided we should go find you."

"What about you Goldenflower why are you and your kits here and who's are these two kits?"asked Fireheart as he flicked his tail tip nervously.

"The clan kept judging my kits cause of who their father is, particularly Bluestar. I-I couldn't stand it anymore so I left with Swiftpaw with my kits. Before I knew it Cloudpaw and Brightpaw joined us too. We followed your scent for quite some time but ran into some trouble."she informed.

"Yeah then we barely escaped these bunch of weirdos before getting caught by BloodClan."meowed Tawnykit.

Fireheart went over and took a better scent of Copper and Dragon and his eyes went wide. "You two, you're from my brother's clan aren't you?"he urged.

Dragon looked surprised as he looked closer the tom did look like the one their mother had told them about had stayed with them awhile before they had been taken by Plague and MetalClan. "Hey you're Scourge's kit brother, aren't you? Dad told us about you."

"W-wait wait wait hold your whiskers here! Scourge is your older brother Fireheart!?"gaped Cloudpaw while everyone but the two Bloodclan kits gawked at Fireheart.

"Half brother, but yes. That makes him your uncle Cloudpaw and this little ones that so boldly attacked you,"Fireheart chuckled as Cloudpaw just leered at the half-moon old kits, "Are Scourge's kits."

Goldenflower's gaze softened with a mother's love as she creeped over with her stomach close to the ground to be at eye level with the tiny kittens. This was around the time the others got back. Siren looked very concerned as she dashed over stood protectively over her kits. Startling the golden queen in the process. Sandstorm and

Longtail were surprised but delighted to see familiar faces as greeting were exchanged. Princess was through the moon at seeing her son again, just showering the poor tom in kisses of a frantic and worried mother. Once everything had settled down Fireheart was fast to introduce Siren, Phantom, and Empress to the others and happily welcomed them into their group. Once the kits were asleep Fireheart pulled them all aside up to his den, amazed they all just managed to fit. He quickly explained not just his situation but also his intentions.

Silence hanged over the den for awhile before all the cats purred in delight with a determined fire in their eyes. They all agreed and offered full support to Fireheart and all decided the clan should be named for Fireheart.

FireClan was now becoming a reality.

But they had a long way to go yet, but the spark was now an ember that would become a roaring flame.

To Be Continued...

Chapter 9: The Ghost In The Mist

[image]

It was a rather dreary night actually it had been for the last few days as rain storms had plagued the area. Scourge shook his pelt from under his den by the dumpster, shaking the water from his fur. He looked and felt like a drowned rat for goodness sake and it was making his already short temper even shorter as he quickly did his best to dry himself off. It had been a moon since MetalClan's fall and twolegplace was now completely his. As he lay there curled up tight in his nest of old rags and pillow stuffing he let his thoughts wonder sleepily and lazily.

He thought about Siren was she alright? Did their kits make it ok? He thought about his younger half brother and sister as well. Surely they were doing fine where ever they were right? Eh, of course they were! They were HIS kin, not weak sniveling idiots like Ruby and Socks were. No they were strong like he was. He was on the verge of falling asleep when Bone poked his head into his den.

"What now Ice? I thought I said I was not to be bothered!"he grumbled with a annoyed flick of his tail.

"I-I know Scourge, sir but um Boulder's here and he has a forest cat with him."she mewed quickly.

This instantly got his attention. Why was that coward back here and brought a stranger no less! Last he had heard to wimp had left BloodClan for the forest, wanting the easy life as the little whelp had put it. With a hiss he sleeked back out and climbed up on top of the dumpster, a stoic look on his face as his cold gaze gleamed in the rainy autumn night. His ears were erect and alert as he looked towards the end of the alley way where Bone had stopped Boulder and that's went his blood ran cold.

T-That monster!

It was THAT monster from when he was younger that was with Boulder! He gave a sneer as his claws sheathed and unsheathed. Oh this was just too perfect, the fates were clearly smiling down on him tonight. Those of his elite guard and generals that were close enough were the only ones the felt the blood lust and saw the look in their leader's eyes that sent chills up their spine. For some the look made some cats smirk, chuckle, and sneer with anticipation of the possibility of blood being spilled tonight. But no, Scourge wanted to wait and see if the brute with Boulder knew who he was. He would judge from there.

He watched in silence as his face returned to being emotionless and cold as the icy pools the gleamed in the night. Bone at first looked like he was gonna attack; His closest friend had been like that for as long as he knew the massive tom; act first questions later. Scourge's ear flicked in interest when he watched from the shadows on his perch as Boulder seemed to say something that made Bone hesitate and let them through. Now that was rare, now he was really interested as the two cats came over towards him. By now Scourge was sitting in the shadows of open door way of the abandoned twoleg den. He couldn't stand sitting in the rain anymore anyways and it was much drier here. He locked his gaze at seeing the broad shouldered brown tabby tom with the scar over his muzzle as Boulder motioned towards him.

"There's Scourge."mewed Boulder.

The forest cat Scourge could see was bewildered and maybe what was that in tone? He seemed to be in disbelief. "*That's* Scourge!? He's no bigger then an apprentice!"hissed the tabby. It took every ounce of willpower he could muster for the petite tom to keep his emotions in check. His height had always been a bit of a touchy subject, no thanks to his buzzard brained littermates' bullying and teasing. BloodClan knew better then to mention anything about his size if they valued their lives.

"*Shh!* Careful Tigerstar this might not be a clan as we know it but these cats won't hesitate to kill if their leader ordered them to."hissed Boulder swiftly.

Scourge lashed his tail as he locked his soul piercing eyes onto

them, "It seems I have visitors. I wasn't expecting to see you here again Boulder, I had been told you had gone to live in the forest."

Scourge mentally smirked as he could despite the rain just smell the fear coming off of his ex-clan mate. "Y-yes Scourge I have"

"So, what are you doing here?"Scourge's voice held the faintest hint of the beginnings of a snarl, making Boulder even more nervous as clearly they caught the tom in a bad mood. "Did you change your mind and come crawling back? Do you expect me to welcome you with open paws?"

"No Scourge life in the forest has been good to me."mewed Boulder, standing his ground as he held the BloodClan's gaze firmly.

Scourge had to admit he was impressed by Boulder's show of courage despite the fact he could just smell the stench of terror in the tom. He waved his tail as he cut off the tom before he could explain. He watched as the brute came closer, a look of intent and determination in those amber eyes. "He clearly doesn't know who I am, this will be interesting..."thought Scourge.

Fireheart gave his pelt a shake that morning as rain droplets from the the storm last night fell from what little leaves still desperately clung by a hair to the twigs and branches of the ancient oak tree fell onto his coat. He tiredly let out a yawn and stretched his limbs once more before climbing down in a hurry. The other were waking up for the day as well as a thin mist covered the forest.

"Oi, kit I'm going to go out to renew the border markers. That work for you?"Longtail yawned as he looked over to the blind fiery tom.

"Fine with me, go take a Goldenflower and a few others with yeah."chirped Fireheart.

"Sure thing."With that Longtail bounded off to go take a patrol out.

Around the same time Sandstorm was taking Princess and Cloudpaw to go hunting. They had more mouths to feed after all. Fireheart listened as those that were old enough to start learning were heading out with Brightpaw. The kits would be safe with Siren

here and there were no other rogues or loners in the area he knew of anyways. So the ginger warrior decided to head out for a walk. He needed to get familiar with his new territory lest he end up stuck in a thorn bush somewhere. But as he wandered he found his mind wander back to the dream he had last night. Another cat from StarClan had visited him, and to his surprise it had been Spottedleaf his kithood crush. Spottedleaf had said there was somebody he'd meet soon that would be their medicine cat. When he asked who all she said was look for the ghost in the mist that had eyes of green.

A/N: Listen to: LeeandLie's White Light ;D

"Hm?"Fireheart's ear twitched at hearing something.

Was that singing?

It was coming from the brook. He turned towards the direction and before he knew it he was running. That voice was bold and angelic and it was getting stronger and clearer as he let his ears guide him. And that sound was he heading towards some kind of small waterfall or creek? But the singing from whomever was purring the song was getting louder. Before long he felt himself smash right through some bramble bushed.

Ok, ouch.

That was going to hurt later!

Unfortunately as he tried to skid to a hault he crashed right into a near by tree before he could manage to stop. Causing a startled yelp of a young she-cat. But poor Fireheart was literally seeing stars from his little clumsy collision.

Stupid tree.

no more music lol

"Oh dear me, are you ok? That must have hurt..."came the voice of the she-cat. It had a very distinct accent to it not like any cats he heard before.

If he had his eyesight Fireheart would have seen a fluffy, elegant

blue-grey she-cat that blended in well with the morning mist. Her eyes an eerie but mysterious gleam to their gooseberry green depths. But right now the she-cat's tone was one of sincere concern as he got to his paws and shook the stars from his eyes. But the pounding in his head and the shock in his neck told him that probably wasn't a good idea.

"Woah easy there, you hit your head pretty hard on that tree."urged the she-cat.

"Ugh, so I can feel. Damn tree..."he grumbled, rubbing his head with his paw. Yeah there was defiantly a bump there on his head.

The she-cat was taken aback when she saw Fireheart's eyes though. While they were laced with pain th-they didn't seem to see anything. Was this tom blind and were the scars over his eyes to blame for it? No matter. With a closer inspection he seemed other wise ok but stunned her as the morning mist began to break to let the now sunhigh light in the light made his fur gleam like a raging fire making her step back and gasp as he stood up.

He looked just like the cat in the fire that had been in her dreams.

"Y-you're the cat I saw in my dreams aren't you?"This really startled Fireheart.

"Wh-what's your name?"mewed Fireheart.

The she-cat blink, tilting her head in confusion, "Me? Oh, my name's Ghost."

Fireheart once more gawked as realization dawned across his face. Spottedleaf wasn't talking about a literal ghost like a spirit from the ancestors. No, she was talking about a name! He gave a purr in amusement as he reached out and touched his nose to her's. "I'm Fireheart and I believe I was meant to find you as well to take you to my clan."

"Really?"

"Really."

Ghost purred as Fireheart motioned for her to follow after him and took her to the clan's camp to introduce Ghost to the others. As it turned out Ghost had a vast knowledge on herbs and even poisons. Ghost was welcomed into their group with little protest as the healer. Immediately she started by caring for young Dragon's still healing injury to his missing leg. She seemed to have ideas not even Spottedleaf they believed to have never thought of. Out of the kits in Siren's care Dragon seemed the most interested in the stuff Ghost did, Fireheart had noted.

Now they had a medicine cat.

But that just left finding a means of contacting the ancestors and choosing a suitable deputy.

He couldn't believe his luck.

By some small slither of fortune the fluffy grey tom had managed to sneak out his kits along with Mistyfoot. But it came at a cost...Stonefoot had sacrificed his life to ensure the rest of them got away. It was just Greystripe, one distraught Mistyfoot, and three badly shaken apprentices. Everyone of them was exhausted but none more so then poor Mistyfoot and his son and daughter, Stormpaw and Featherpaw.

But now here they were outside on the other end of twolegplace after days and days of travel. They couldn't go to any of the other clans and Greystripe did not want to get Ravenpaw and Barley mixed up in their problems.

No they had to keep moving forward.

But not once where they letting their guards down as they came across the strange bridge with the metal and wood on it. Greystripe felt anxious, hungry, and worn out both mentally and physically.

"Come on we have to keep moving,"urged the grey shaded tabby tom.

"But dad how there's only river rapids below us and then that weird bridge ahead of us."chirped Stormpaw, "And I'm not sure if

Mistyfoot can keep it up much longer."

Greystripe looked over at the very much beaten and malnourished she-cat as her black pelted son soothed her and supported her. He hate to admit but Stormpaw was right. Both Featherpaw and Mistyfoot looked like they had been tossed through the ringer. He sniffed the air and sure enough the familiar smell of a farm caught his attention causing him to sigh in relief.

"We'll just need to go a little farther and cross this bridge. I can smell a farm up ahead. We can stop there to rest."he meowed.

Reluctantly they all gave a nod and followed after the grey warrior and crossed the bridge and headed towards the farm. There they were shocked by the sight of the sheep, particularly the poor apprentices. But they were soon greeted by a dark ginger tom named Orion whom much to Mistyfoot's annoyance started flirting with her. the poor tom getting beaten black and blue by Bluestar's daughter. But they soon learned Orion was Fireheart's kin.

"Wait, wait wait! Are you seriously telling me you're Fireheart's brother?"meowed Greystripe in disbelief.

"In the flesh. What did you think that bro and my sis were the only ones in the litter? That's hilarious!"laughed Orion.

"Greystripe look at him closer. His personality is different but he looks almost exactly like Fireheart except his fur's much darker shade of ginger. i don't think he's lying."mewed Mistyfoot.

Reedpaw, Featherpaw, Stormpaw, and Greystripe went closer to Orion invading the tom's personal bubble for a better look. Sure enough the features were there with some differences.

"Hey, mom's right. He does look like him...*sniff* He even smells kinda similar. I'd never forget that scent anywhere."mewed the black apprentice.

"Oi, ever heard of personal space!?"protested Orion as he jumped over their heads to land not far from Mistyfoot. "But you sweet heart can invade my personal space any time~!"

Mistyfoot's eye twitched as she smacked the dark ginger tom into the ground. Leaving poor Orion twitching from the impact and force she had used. "Beat it, perv."

"Um, do you really know Fireheart?"asked Featherpaw as she helped Orion up.

"Oh bro.? yeah he actually lives in the forest just by my ranch."Orion pointed in the direction of the forest with his tail.

"Seriously!? Fireheart's in the area?"gaped Greystripe.

"Yeah has been for days now. You can't miss bro's territory, you'll smell it's boundaries before you see it. His clan certainly made sure of that."chirped Orion.

Greystripe and the small group were even more surprised. Had Fireheart, Longtail, and Sandstorm found a new clan to join they weren't aware existed beyond the forest they all were born to? As long as they had known and believed only the clans they knew existed. Were they wrong?

To Be Continued...

Chapter 10: Ignite The Flame

[image]

Cinderpelt sighed in relief as she sat the bask of the weak glow of the moonstone. Sleeping by it was the short golden brown tabby pelt of Brackenfur. It had come as a surprise to the grey crippled medicine cat when she had found a branch of bracken in front of her nest. The medicine cat was pleased and relieved as were the clan had finally gotten a sign from the ancestors. Just in time too as when they arrived it had shown signs it was gonna start snowing.

Before Brackenfur had left with her he had been fast to name Whitestorm as deputy in case something went wrong while they were ears perked as finally the tom began to stir in his slumber, his paws twitching before his golden eyes opened groggily.

"Well how did it go brother?"she mewed.

"They accepted me as our clan's leader, Cinderpelt."he yawned.

Sure enough Cinderpelt could see the very faint star shaped scar set between her brother's eyes. Proof and approval of the trial he had endured while he got his old life stripped away and given nine new ones in it's place. But as it stood her brother would be weak with fatigue from the ceremony. Gently she lead her brother out.

It was time to take Brackenstar home.

Fireheart mumbled in his sleep as he tried to shove away whatever was disturbing his slumber. He turned so his head was snuggled up to his sleeping mate's belly. Ghost huffed as she started prodding Fireheart in an effort to wake him.

"ome on, wake up Fireheart!"she hissed.

"Hmmhmp...no I don't wanna play mouse...zzz..."he mumbled turning again.

"I'm not joking aroun' here Fireheart, wake up!"Fireheart groaned as finally the tom opened his sightless green eyes and yawned.

"What? it's moonhigh for crying out loud, Ghost. What's so important to wake me up at this StarClan forsaken hour?"yawned Fireheart grumpily.

"I need you to come with me, those starry cats were in my dreams."This instantly got his attention.

Fireheart gently nudged Sandstorm causing her to wake, "Hm...what is it Fireheart, dear?"

"I have to head for a bit with Ghost. You and Longtail are in charge until I get back."Purred Fireheart softly as he licked his sleepy mate between the ears.

Sandstorm gave a tired nod and nuzzled her mate before returning the kiss between his ears. "Stay safe, dear. i'll see you in the morning."she purred before curling back up to sleep.

Fireheart nodded towards Ghost and hurried out of his den and down the tree with nebelung she-cat in hot pursuit. Ghost soon took the lead, not saying a word. But Fireheart couldn't understand where she was taking him. That is until he heard and smelt running water. Was it the same creek that branched off into the brook at the heart of their territory? Sure enough they came to a stop on the rocky banks of the creek. The sound of falling water not far from them.

Was this the source of the creek?

"We're here Fireheart. Those starry cats wanted me to bring you here."she mewed as she waded into the water and jumped onto the boulder.

Understanding now hit Fireheart; there was no need to tell what he had to do. Slowly he walked over to the water and crouched down as the moon shined overhead. and cast it's reflection along with the stars onto the shimmering surface. He then started to lap at the cool clear water before he felt himself grow heavy and collapsed to his

side out cold. Ghost watched quietly as all around her should feel an unseen massive presence all around them, whispering on the breeze.

Fireheart opened his eyes to find he was standing on a massive hill. A crisp, warm greenleaf breeze blew that felt soothing and comforting to the young tom as it smelled clean from a recent rain storm. It felt nice against his freezing, weak, shivering body. As he stood up he watched as all around him stars fell from the heavens to land around him in the form of counts generations upon generations of cats.

"What is this...?"he muttered as he scanned his gaze around the area.

"Welcome Fireheart."came a familiar purr.

Fireheart turned on a dime with hurt and fury in his eyes as he locked onto the source of the voice's owner. It was Bluestar standing at the head of all the souls of Starclan that had gathered. If she was here he knew one thing was for certain...she had lost her final life.

"*You*! What right do you have to be here?"he snarled with fangs bared as his fur bristled from old wounds to his heart that had started to heal now begin to "bleed" once more.

Bluestar had seen the look of disgust and pain in her former apprentice's eyes. She felt ashamed of her actions. It was her fault, she had accepted that...and it was a mistake she'd have to bare for eternity until her time came to fade away. But still the russian blue mix gathered her courage and went towards the tom. She had hurt him, both physically and had every right to feel angry, she knew that.

"Fireheart I will not ask you to forgive me. I was blinded and my eyes refused to see and refused to hear just how fortunate I was to have you and my clan's support. It cost me many things, I see that now."she mewed, now standing barely even a claw's length away from the tom that looked at her with such pain. Gently she stretched out her neck to touch her nose to his forehead, "With this life I grant you diginity, clarity, and forgiveness. Use it well my old

apprentice to not let your feelings cloud your judgement."

At those words Fireheart felt everything of Bluestar's life flow into him. Some of it was sharp and painful, but smoothed into a motherly sort of warm, causing tears to flow from the ginger tom as he broke down then and there. It was soft but just loud enough through his sobs for the blue-grey she-cat to hear, "...I forgive you." With that done Bluestar left to make way for the next cat, a sad smile on her face.

The next to come over was a large golden tabby tom with a gentle but firm sort of look to his face as he gently lifted Fireheart's head by placing his paw under his chin. "Lionheart."mewed Fireheart earning a smile from the tom he had first met as a young kittypet.

"Hello Fireheart, you have been through much but I'm proud of you."purred Lionheart before he touched his nose to Fireheart's forehead and to the tom's surprise it burned like the flames that engulfed ThunderClan moons ago. "With this life I give you courage, use it well in defense of your clan."

Like a lightning bolt a shock ran through him from his skull and down his entire being. He felt the fury of a lion as if he had been tossed into danger to protect his clan. It felt like eternity before he was given a chance breath, his legs trembling as the golden tabby vanished back into the sea of starry cats. One by one they came and the process repeated itself. Redtail gave him a life for justice, Silverstream gave him a life for loyalty to what he knew was right, and Runningwind gave him a life for tireless energy. Brindleface had been a shock of dismay to young Fireheart to be seen here; it meant she had died some how. She gave him a life of a mother's love, which had shocked him at just how frightening and fierce it was in reality. He quickly made a mental note was he crouched there trembling not to go and piss off Goldenflower and Siren and if it ever happened...Sandstorm.

The next to come over was another shock and it broke his heart; it was Gorsepaw. The tom he had help to carry back to WinDClan territory when the apprentice was no more then a tiny kit at his mother's belly. Gorsepaw had simply smiled and gave him a life for mentoring. Spottedleaf came next and gave him a life for love. Then

lastly came Yellowfang, whom gave him a life of compassion.

"Great going idiot, you got us captured by a clan patrol!"

Reedpaw wasn't impressed as the dawn light shined weakly through the bare trees that were caked in frost. A faint snow had begun to fall not long ago as well. The older black tom had sneaked away with Stormpaw and his sister, Featherpaw while the adults were still fast sleep back at Orion's barn. Now here they were being ushered away by a pale tabby tom with a unusually long tail, some cinnamon and white tabby she-cat, a white tom, and a black and white tom.

Great, just great!

"Not my fault somebody alerted them by stepping on a twig!"spat Stormpaw back.

"Would you brats shut up! I have no quims about knocking you out and dragging your sorry tails back to camp!"hissed the pale tabby.

The trio were quick to listen; for now they would just have to behave themselves towards these FireClan cats. It did not take long before they soon reached a glade with a ancient oak tree. For Reedpaw and the younger apprentices the sight was both amazing and intimidating. A snow white queen with odd-eyes was tending to four kits as they played. Then there was the pale ginger she-cat lounging on a branch by what looked like might have been at one point an owl den.

"Oi, Sandstorm we caught a couple of trespassers!"meowed the white tom.

"I can see that, Cloudpaw."Sandstorm quickly leaped down and hurried over. Upon closer look she was surprised and instantly distinguished the trio. "Wait you two you're Greystripe's kits! And you you're Mistyfoot's little one aren't you?"

"What? seriously!?"meowed the pale tabby as he got a better look. "I thought they looked a little familar."

"Fireheart will be excited when he gets back with Ghost."purred the

black splotched tom.

"Wait, I'm confused."chirped Featherpaw, "How do you know us?"

Sandstorm laughed at the younger she-cat's baffled expression. While Stormpaw and Featherpaw looked confused Reedpaw seemed to realize much quicker.

"Wait a minute you're Sandstorm, Longtail, Cloudpaw, and Swiftpaw. You all vanished from the forest."meowed Reedpaw.

"Vanished? Ha, I wouldn't say vanished kit. We left by choice with the exception of Fireheart."snorted Longtail.

"I'm gonna go hunt with Cloudpaw, that ok Longtail?"mewed Swiftpaw.

"Go ahead kit."chirped the pale tabby in approval.

Cloudpaw and Swiftpaw both gave each other wide grins of delight before racing off back into the forest. Princess and Longtail along with Sandstorm decided it would be best that Greystripe's kits would be taken to wait in Ghost's den while Reedpaw taken to the guests' den with both dens guarded. Much to the young apprentices' protests. But until Fireheart returned it couldn't be helped.

By the time it was close to sunhigh Ghost sleeked through the brush while supported an exhausted ginger tom that now bore StarClan's mark on his head. The small, faint star shaped scar of one entrusted with a clan. The group noticed this right away and cheers and excited yowls echoed through the glade into the forest.

Firestar of FireClan had returned.

To Be Continued...

Chapter 11: Matters To Attend To

[image]

Firestar yawned as he stretched his limbs that were stiff with slumber. He had spent a good few hours resting as he recovered from the ceremony. But as he sat there grooming himself he recalled the craziness he and Ghost had returned to. Greystripe and Mistyfoot along with Orion had shown up not long after. After clearing things up he was more then delighted to welcome his old friend, Mistyfoot, and the three apprentices into the clan. Sure it meant more mouths to feed but it also meant more strength and safety for the clan. Greystripe had filled him in on everything that had happened back in the old forest on the other side of BloodClan's territory of twolegplace. Tigerstar's demands, WindClan being wrongfully attacked, ThunderClan's new leader in Brackenstar, Leopardstar's clan being taken over by Tigerstar to form TigerClan, and the power hungry tom's war on non-clan born and half-clan cats.

It was chaos.

Well, it wasn't his problem anymore.

He had his own clan to lead and take care of so as much as he worried for his old friends back in the other clans their problems weren't his right now. But the problem he did have right now was picking a deputy before moonhigh. There were a few possibilities. Longtail was older and while he could be arrogant the pale warrior had more experience; that would be valuable to the clan. The next option was his mate, Sandstorm but she hadn't had an apprentice and that was one law he dare not change so she was off the table. That left Mistyfoot and Greystripe whom had just arrived into the clan. Mistyfoot was Bluestar's daughter, sharing many of her mother's good qualities but was also much older then any of them which gave her the wisdom and knowledge to lead. Then there was

Greystripe whom he had faught, trained with, and gone into battle with countless times. There were few cats at this time he trusted his life to, Greystripe and more recently Longtail being one of the small pawful.

A glint of determination burned in his emerald depths as he rose to his paws. His mind was made up as he left his den and called, "May all cats old enough to catch their own prey gather here beneath the High Branch for a clan meeting!"

This caught the attention of everyone as they hurriedly gathered around while Siren ushered her two kits inside before coming out to join the crowd. The clan was not big since they were just beginning. But they were more then big enough to defend and hunt and care for each other easily.

"During this meeting I have several matters to take care of this evening but first thing's first."chirped Firestar, "I say these words before StarClan, that the spirits of our ancestors may hear and approve of my choice. The new and our first Deputy of FireClan shall be...Longtail."

The pale tabby's jaw dropped at hearing this and for once in his life was speechless. He wasn't sure what to say as cats around him mewed their words of congratulations. Longtail bowed his politely towards the ginger leader even though he knew full well the younger tom could not see the gesture of respect and gratitude he was giving. "I humbly accept the potision you have given me, Firestar."

"Longtail! Longtail! Longtail!"

Firestar purred at this as he locked onto Greystripe's scent. "I'm sory old friend but you're just too new into the clan. I must do what's right for FireClan."he thought. He then lashed his tail to motion for silence. "Now for the other matters to attend to, I believe this is long overdue. Swiftpaw, Cloudpaw, and Brightpaw please come forward."

The trio eagerly raced forward to stand on a massive root of the old tree each just below the High Branch. Swiftpaw and Cloudpaw were

shaking from excitement while Brightpaw's whiskers were quivering from anticipation as their leader spoke. ""I, Firestar, leader FireClan, call upon my warrior ancestors to look down on these apprentices. They have been through many ordeals then most and have trained hard to understand the ways of your noble code, and I commend them to you as warriors in their own right."

Firestar locked his sightless eyes onto Swiftpaw first, "Swiftpaw, do you promise to uphold the warrior code and to protect and defend your clan, even at the cost of your life?"

"I do!"chirped Swiftpaw in delight. Finally, FINALLY he was gonna be a warrior like he should have been named moons ago back in ThunderClan.

"Then by the powers of StarClan, I give you your Warrior name. Swiftpaw, from this moment you will be known as Swiftclaw. StarClan honors your bravery, and we welcome you as a full warrior of FireClan."purred Firestar as he lept down and rested his head on the tom's head. Swiftclaw in return licked his new leader's shoulder before moving away to let Firestar continue. "Cloudpaw, do you promise to uphold the warrior code and to protect and defend your clan, even at the cost of your life?"

"I do, Firestar."mewed Cloudpaw with a pleased grin.

"Then by the powers of StarClan, I give you your Warrior name. Cloudpaw, from this moment you will be known as Cloudtail. StarClan honors your courage and independence, and we welcome you as a full warrior of FireClan."Firestar then repeated the actions he had done with Swiftclaw with his nephew before moving on to Brightpaw. "Nervous?"

Brightpaw shook her head, "No, I'm excited."

This earned a chuckle from the leader before he started, "Brightpaw, do you promise to uphold the warrior code and to protect and defend your clan, even at the cost of your life?"

"I promise I will Firestar!"purred the scarred she-cat.

"Then by the powers of StarClan, I give you your Warrior name. Brightpaw, from this moment you will be known as Brightheart. StarClan honors your courage and kindness, and we welcome you as a full warrior of FireClan."

"Swiftclaw! Brightheart! Cloudtail!"cheered the clan.

But Firestar was far from over yet as he went on to name Tawnykit and Bramblekit as apprentices. He took on Bramblepaw for himself while Tawnypaw was given to train to Sandstorm. With that finished he went on to name the two brothers with proper clan names; they were now Dragonkit and Copperkit. Then there were the three younger apprentices: Reedpaw he gave to Greystripe, Stormpaw he gave to Longtail, and Featherpaw kept her mentor in Mistyfoot. Next was the matter of Ghost, whom he went and took back to what was now dubbed as Moonfalls for her ceremony. She awoke later that night with the name of Ghostsong. Princess he had almost forgotten and she was quickly named Cloverpetal. Orion surprised them by wanting to join so Firestar gave his brother the name of Foxtuft and had his training entrusted to his sister and Longtail. As for Siren out of respect for her wishes he opted out of giving her a name for now.

Now there was just the matter of their code.

A/N: Short chapter is short, sorry. But now I am taking a needed break away from this story now that we're actually past the half way point now. But as a treat I'm gonna give you FireClan's warrior code~! There isn't a lot of differences from the canon one but there's some...

~.~.~

FireClan's Warrior Code

1. Defend your Clan, even with your life. You may have friendships with cats from outside the clan, but your loyalty must remain to your clan.

2. Medicine cats are to be respected for if the the situation arises they can hold more power then the clan leader's if the cat's health is

compromised.

3. Elders, Queens, and kits must be fed before apprentices and warriors. Unless they have permission, apprentices may not eat until they have hunted to feed the elders. If any warrior or apprentice is sick, they may eat while the elders, queens, and kits are eating.

4. Prey is killed only to be eaten. Give thanks to StarClan for its life.

5. A kit must be at least six moons old to become an apprentice.

6. Newly appointed warriors will keep a silent vigil for one night after receiving their warrior name.

7. A cat cannot be made deputy without having mentored at least one apprentice.

8. The deputy will become Clan leader when the leader dies or retires.

9. After the death, exile, or retirement of the deputy, the new deputy must be chosen before moonhigh.

10. Once every full moon of the season a special celebration will be held.

11. Boundaries must be checked and marked daily. Challenge all trespassing cats.

12. No warrior can neglect a kit in pain or danger, even if the kit is not from the clan.

13. Clan leaders are in charge of leading, guiding, and protecting the clan and as such must be protected during times of hardships or danger.

14. An honorable warrior does not need to kill other cats to win his/her battles, unless they are outside the warrior code or it is necessary for self-defense.

15. Medicine cats may take a mate but only when they have trained

an apprentice first.

Chapter 12: Things To Come(Lemon warning)

[image]

A/N(2024): Many questioned why I put a mating lemon in story. At time story took on a mind of its own as I wrote(muse bug). I DON'T write lemons if it's not warranted in my stories, they are not my favorite thing write. But at time I was testing and pushing my comfort zones. I will ALWAYS provide a warning accordingly. Thank you for your understanding.
.....

"Again, Bramblepaw."

Firestar was in the middle of a training session with his young apprentice. His ears flicking to every sound of movement the young tabby was making. From the sounds and feeling the slight "thump" vibrations he could tell Goldenflower's little boy was struggling with these new combat moves the ginger leader was trying to teach him. The young apprentice relied far too much on his eyes for everything.

Bramblepaw's growl of frustration raked his ears as once again they sparred. He would leave his father's venomous legacy he had left behind him. He had to prove to Firestar he was strong, he had to prove he could make his new clan thrive! Yes, his so called father could go rot in gutters of BloodClan for all he cared. He mentally shivered as he recalled the petite black tom that could quite literally surrender with a single glance of his cold, stoic, soul piercing pools of ice.

Damn, that tom was scary.

Even more frightening was learning Scourge was kin with his mentor-his leader-and his siblings. Like what in StarClan was up with that family tree like shit! The tabby tom shook his head to bring him back from his train of thought. After all, one did not

become a warrior by slacking off.

****Rated M Content you've been warned folks!****

Two figures were sleeking through the frozen brush, jumping over the brook and over stones with ease. One a pale tabby with a slashed ear and unusually long tail, the other a cinnamon and white tabby with long fluffy, silky fur and amber eyes. It was Longtail and Firestar's sister, Cloverpetal. Longtail smirked as he chased after the ex-kittypet, her laughter like the sweetest of honey to the FireClan deputy's ears. The last few days since the ceremony Cloverpetal had grown more flirtatious and friendly with him.

It had baffled him at first until the scent had hit his nose as it was now. It was strong and sending his primal instincts crazy even now. *"She's defiantly in heat, and pretty badly too."*he thought with a smirk as he finally managed to catch up to her playfully pinned her to the ground in the glade surrounded with willow trees that were frosted over.

"Gotcha!"he purred.

Cloverpetal simply purred as she reached out and tenderly picked the tom on the cheek, making the tom blush under his fur. "Good for you, does my big, strong deputy want his reward?"she purred into his torn ear in such a way it sent a shivering thrill up his spine as she wiggled out from under his forepaws. His ears had drooped at the feeling of Cloverpetal rubbing up affectionately and seductively against him, wrapping her bushy tail around his neck and causing his whiskers to quiver in growing excitement as her heat scent mixed with her more bittersweet floral scent made him weak in the knees.

Damn, he could just feel himself getting hard too she was driving him batty with it! Cloverpetal was contently rolling around in the snow, stretching as she revealed her soft plush white belly. Man was she hot for a she-cat that wasn't wild born! He swiped his tongue over his nose before proudly strutting over to her and sniffed her and she did so in turn, as she rolled over onto her belly.

"You want some? Show me what a wild born stud like you can

do!"she hissed, baring her fangs.

It startled him for a moment but he gave her a playful, mischievous grin, "Challenge accepted M'Lady~!"

That was not just a threat but a promise that sent an excited shiver up the she-cat's spine. Eagerly she raised her rump into the air as her tail moved to the side, mewling with lustful need as Longtail walked behind her to give her a sniff again, his hot breath on her already wet core sending goosebumps up her legs as she stretched out her fore paws and kneaded impatiently at the frozen ground.

Longtail purred in amusement; she-cats in heat got wet so quickly, "Dammit Longtail it's rude to keep a lady waiting!" he heard her mewl impatiently, earning a chuckle from the deputy.

"Beg, kittypet."he purred teasingly as his long tail brushed her core, earning frustrated moan from the she-cat.

"M-Meanie! Just mate with me you big handsome and strong tom you weasel-hearted jerk!"she pleaded, wiggling under his fiery blue-green eyes.

Longtail actually gave a fond, tender but playful fanged grin, "As M'Lady wishes."

Cloverpetal let out yelp more out of surprise then anything as said tom mounted her, grabbing her by her scruff to ensure she couldn't escape. Then came the sensation she remembered-and wished to forget-came that caused her to cry out as Longtail rammed into her with his barbed penis that was now out of it's sheath by now. The pain didn't last long as he humped her right into a sea of bliss, causing her to cry out, "F-faster! H-harder! Sho-show me everyth-thing!"

Longtail smirked as he was more then happy to oblige her wishes. She was HIS, she belonged to HIM! But oh man was she tight and scorching from heat right now and it felt so good as he couple times had to adjust his grip on her scruff as her cries grew louder and louder as he went and pounded into her harder and faster to the point she wasn't even able to speak. Her cries were like music to his

ears.

"L-Longt-t-tail-"she moaned between her wails of pure ecstasy.

His ears and tail twitched at her attempt to speak. *"She's close to cumming...d-damn but so am I!"*he thought as he picked up the pace. His thrusts before long were becoming much more forceful and it was sending Cloverpetal over the edge. Longtail slammed into her one more time as he released her scruff and yowled, "CLOVERPETAL!"

"LONGTAIL!"she shrieked in pure ecstasy as they both cummed.

But just as fast Cloverpetal snarled and lashed out violently out of some primal rage. Resulting in Longtail swiftly getting off and running just a little ways away. Mating had always been something that got a bit violent for their kind at the end and had been since the times of fabled clans in the elders' tales. Cloverpetal by now was calming down and grooming herself as was he, himself.

"Round two, hot stuff?"she chuckled, swaying her tail invitingly.

Longtail sighed but smiled; No way they were getting any hunting done today.

******Ok you're safe now, lol******

~.~.~

At the edges of the FireClan territory two lone shadowy figures sat crouched in a ditch of the rumblepath trembling from the near death experience they had just had. One was a scarred tom with the most unusual black coat that looked like snow had been falling and dappling it, with some of them even forming stripe-like patterns. Beside him was a slightly more petite and delicate looking lithe she-cat with fur as black as night with small dappled chocolate brown patches and blotches of white, particularly her ears and toes. There was a rather nasty looking burn scar to her right hind leg and her belly was just barely starting to show on the queen. Both bore the very distinct studded leather collars with no bells and no jingling tags with the female's being red while the male's was brown.

"S-Saturn was this *pant* really a good idea? You know full well *pant* that Q-Quince has bees for brains!"panted the she-cat.

"I'm certain my sweet little moonbeam. Scourge gave his blessings for us to leave and join his brother as long as we held up our part of the bargain."soothed the tom, Saturn, draping his tail over her foreshoulders.

But shit, that had been way too close for comfort! Had they been a split second later that rumblepath monster would have killed them both and any future they had. His poor mate was already shaken. The poor thing had been one of those poor unfortunate souls that suffered abuse at the paws of some upwalkers.

I-It hadn't been pretty...

The poor thing had lost everything to a fire season ago and had been found by himself and the two littermates, Snake and Ice. It had honestly left his poor lover badly traumatized. While her injuries had healed her leg had not damage that now gave her a permanent limp. Some days were better then others, thank the ancestors!

"Can you keep going, Moonset?"he mewed, gently urging his mate to her paws.

"Yes, lets get going. My leg joints hurt, there's a storm coming and it's a nasty one."she meowed.

Saturn gave a nod and the best they could they picked up the pace.

Ok things just got from bad to worse pretty quick.

~.~.~

Cinderpelt's dreams had been plagued of visions of rivers of blood that were on fire. Now they were even coming into her waking hours as she let out a frustrated hiss and covered her eyes with her paws. They were very much bloodshot and if it weren't for her fur you'd probably see dark shadows under her eyes too.

It wasn't just her; WindClan's medicine cat was having them too. It

was frustrating her to no ends for it was now even effecting her work as ThunderClan's sole medicine cat. It got to the point her brother had ordered her to rest and the clan was not to disturb the grey crippled she-cat unless it was truly important.

"StarClan why must you plague me? Let me sleep! What are you trying to tell me!?"

To Be Continued...

Chapter 13: The Visitors

[image]

Things had only gotten worse in the forest as snow fell and blanketed the trees that stool like rotting skeletons among the sea of white. What remained of ThunderClan had fled, joining forces with WindClan not long after the gathering. The fear-scent and anxiety made the air thick with tension. A black and white patched tom with a long tail looked up to the heavens that were so well hidden away by the gloomy clouds that gave no promise or certainty of tomorrow.

Tallstar knew where this all started.

The currently bleak looking future it was right now all started because of ShadowClan's leader, Tigerstar. From everything he had been told by Brackenstar it started with Redtail's death. It was a chain reaction of events, like if one of his tunnelers' caverns caving in. It all lead to Fireheart leaving and that caused a sort of karma effect it seems to Brackenstar's and Leopardstar's clans with cats leaving. Be it cause of moral, maternal, or fear for their lives...it still had happened.

"StarClan if you haven't forsaken us please hear my prayer...w-we need hope. Please send us somebody to lead us out of this calamity TigerClan has created..."whispered the aging leader.

They needed hope.

Firestar yawned as he stretched his stiff limbs in the warmth and comfort of his nest up in the tree hollow. The warmth and soothing scent of his mate was loving comfort he enjoyed. The sounds of his warriors and apprentices going off to perform their daily duties and the laughter of kits lolled him out of slumber's embrace. Quietly he got up, careful not to wake Sandstorm. He then climbed down and went over to tap the black tom on the should with his tail.

"You can speak now, Reedwhisker. You did well, go get some

rest."purred Firestar in praise.

The black tom locked his blue gaze onto his leader and purred, touching his nose in greeting to the blind ginger tom's. He had just gotten his warrior name last night and was very pleased and wanted to make his new clan proud and strong. "Thank you Firestar."

Firestar waved his tail in farewell before going off to the nursery. Cloverpetal had recently moved into it and was dealing with some pretty bad case of morning sickness from what Ghostsong had informed him. But that was only part of the reason; the clan had just recently accepted two former BloodClan cats, a tom and a crippled queen. Saturn and Moonset had both requested to keep their names. But the travelers had been so tuckered out and battered but had stated they had a message for him from Scourge.

With care he sleeked into the den, "Hello."he mewed.

Two of the three queens lifted their heads and looked over at the scarred ginger leader, purring their greetings.

"Uncle Firestar! Uncle Firestar!"squeaked Siren's kits in delight, pouncing and almost toppling him over, making him yelp.

"Hello Phantom and Empress."chuckled the flame colored tom in amusement.

"Kits, leave your poor uncle be."beckoned Siren.

"Aw!"pouted Phantom before dashing away with his sister to go play with Dragonkit and Copperkit.

Firestar could tell Cloverpetal wasn't in the den this morning from his sister's scent being rather stale. "Probably in Ghostsong's den."he thought. He soon enough spotted Saturn snuggled up to his sleeping mate, Moonset. The dark furred tom carefully got up and went over to Firestar and followed the FireClan's leader out to sit on one of the massive roots.

"Good morning Firestar, I trust you stayed warm?"mewed Saturn.

"I did. How are you two settling in?"asked Firestar, wrapping his

tail around himself for extra breeze was a bit frigid after this morning.

"Moonset is recovering and she's actually seems to be doing better mentally as well. Kept complaining about weird dreams and seeing things not there. She's even almost got herself killed a few times cause of them."informed Saturn with a sigh.

Firestar's ears instantly perked high at this information. Was it possible Saturn had been touched by StarClan like Ghostsong? Was Saturn meant to be her apprentice? He would have to speak with Ghostsong and Longtail and Sandstorm later. "I'm glad you both are settling in. But now I believe you had a message for me from my brother?"he meowed.

Saturn's eerie gaze locked onto the sightless one of the clan leader's , whiskers quivering. "A tom by the name of Tigerstar has requested BloodClan's aid. Scourge plans take this as a chance for revenge. He wants you to come with your clan before they move out to meet TigerClan."

"Revenge?"Firestar tilted his head in curiosity.

"Yes. Everyone part of the guard knows. I'll leave you to think, I must go back to Moonset, she'll panic if I'm not by her side."with those parting words the dark tom jumped down and vanished back into the den.

Well there was certainly a lot Firestar had to think about now. But he knew to a degree he wanted to help Scourge get rid of that menace. Everything came back to that treacherous tom like a ripple in a pond. Why was that old fate dragging him back? He just wanted to be left in peace with his new clan. His clan had no rivals to rage pointless wars with. The only real threats were maybe the odd hostile traveling rogue, twoleg, or predator. Here it was peaceful and prey wasn't as much of a concern. "What should I do StarClan? which path is the right one to choose?"he whispered, looking up to the cloudy sky.

One thing was clear: A choice had to be made.

A/N: Here is an update to the clan allegiance:

FireClan

Leader - Firestar: Flame-colored ginger tabby with scarred, sightless eyes.
Apprentice: Bramblepaw

Deputy - Longtail: Pale tabby tom with an unusually long tail.
Apprentice: Stormpaw

Medicine Cat - Ghostsong: Pretty Nebelung she-cat.

Warriors

Sandstorm: Pale ginger she-cat.
Apprentice: Tawnypaw

Cloudtail: Long-haired white tom.

Greystripe: Long-haired grey tom.

Mistyfoot: Dark gray she-cat with blue eyes.
Apprentice: Featherpaw

Goldenflower: Pale ginger she-cat.

Foxtuft: Dark ginger tom.

Brightheart: White and ginger she-cat.

Swiftclaw: Black and white splotched tom.

Reedwhisker: Slender black tom with long whiskers.

Saturn: Black, white mottled battle scarred tom with a spiked collar.

Apprentices

Bramblepaw: Dark brown tabby tom with amber eyes.

Tawnypaw: Pretty tortie she-cat with green eyes.

Featherpaw: Beautiful slender silver tabby she-cat.

Stormpaw: Scruffy dark grey tom with amber eyes.

Nursery

Siren: Beautiful Khao Manee she-cat with odd-eyes and rhinestone collar; blind in one eye and mate to Scourge of BloodClan. *[Kits: Phantom: Black tom with white paw. Empress: ginger and black chimera she-cat]*

Cloverpetal: Pretty cinnamon tabby and white she-cat; Firestar's sister. *[Expecting Longtail's kits]*

Moonset: Pretty black tortie and white she-cat with a crippled leg. *[Expecting Saturn's kits]*

Dragonkit: Golden tabby tom with three legs and amber eyes.

Copperkit: Golden tabby tom with amber eyes.

Chapter Part 14: Rite of Fang & Claw

[image]

The frigid wind blew as a blanket of white fell from the cloudy heavens, covering a long trail of paw prints left by a large group of feral cats. Coming out of the haze of white a dinstinct flame colored pelt was seen with scarred sightless blazing emerald eyes in the lead. Beside him was a pale tabby tom with a unusually long tail. FireClan had entered their old forest home after days of travel. In the group behind the leader and deputy were Firestar's brother, Foxtuft along with Mistyfoot, Greystripe, Brightheart, Goldenflower, Swiftclaw, Saturn, Siren, and Cloudtail. With them they had brought Bramblepaw, Tawnypaw, and Siren's newly apprenticed kits: Phantompaw and Twilightpaw. The rest had remained behind to protect the camp and territory.

The FireClan leader nodded to the group as they crept through the brush, avoiding any patrols...though he seriously doubted they would sense them in this blizzard. It had taken Firestar a lot of thought but he in the end decided to agree to helping his older half-brother, Scourge. It had not been an easy choice but if it meant getting revenge on Tigerstar then he'd be happy to sink his claws into that snake-heart.

"Will we get to finally see father, mama?"spoke up Phantompaw.

"Yes dear, not long now. Oh how I've missed my sweetheart."purred Siren.

They soon before long had crossed the thunderpath, setting foot into neutral territory that bordered WindClan and ShadowClan. Though the storm made it difficult Firestar's more sensitive nose caught the musky smell BloodClan carried. "They are defiantly not far now."he thought. Out of the whiteout came the distinct large maine coon tom, Bone who waved his tail in greeting as he walked over.

"Ah, you made it Saturn."Bone then gave a rough purr of amusement at spotting the group, "And you brought Scourge's kit brother and Siren."

"Greetings Bone, I did my part as you can see."Saturn calmly lashed his tail in greeting.

"Hello Bone, darling do you mind guiding us to my dear mate?"purred Siren, touching noses with the larger tom.

Bone looked down at the six moon old siblings that stood with Siren. One was almost a mirror image of Scourge with the exception he had much more white in his fur and had his mother's odd-eyes. Then there was the chimera she-cat with his leader's frightening icy gaze and boy was she a looker. No doubt toms would be douting and trying to court her if her beauty kept growing. Which Bone was sure it would with her elegant frame. "This way."he simply mewed.

Firestar flicked his ear in acknowledgement as he allowed Scourge's right paw tom to lead them away. To his realization thanks to the path ingrained in his memory he realized they were not far from mothermouth. Actually they were being lead from the stench of things towards the carrionplace. It wasn't ideal spot for any cat but it would make due as the group wrinkled their noses in disgust at the scent. They were lead in and towards a part with lots of dead monsters piled up in heaps by the distinct, "clang klunk" of laws and paws hitting the strange surfaces.

Scourge was busy in a meeting with his most elite fighters when the familiar scents hit him like a racing monster that had slipped on the icy thunderpath. His ears perked as eyes of ice looked up to see the FireClanners. He gave a sneer at the sight flicked his tail to dismiss his fighters before he and Siren raced to each other, nuzzling each other and purring louder then thunder.

"Oh how I've missed you darling!"squeaked Siren.

"I missed you so much and you no longer have anything to fear, he's gone for good my songbird."whispered Scourge, twining his tail with her white one. It was a quiet sort of affection but all of them witnessing knew the love was there. "Now, let me see my kits,

Siren."

Firestar purred in amusement as he nudged Phantompaw and Twilightpaw forward, resulting in surprised yelps from the brother and sister. "Here they are Scourge. This is Phantompaw and Twilightpaw."

Scourge stepped forward and walked around the two anxious siblings, a stoic frown on his face. Phantompaw and Twilightpaw weren't sure what to make of their intimidating father that was no bigger then an apprentice. But make no mistake they could feel those judging eyes and air of authority that wailed like the blizzard itself: cold and harsh. But Scourge broke into an amused howl of laughter that would send many running to hide thanks to the chill it brought. But his frigid gaze had softened and filled with pride.

"Siren you have given me the most precious gift. You've given me a son and a beautiful daughter."he stated proudly.

"Y-you're really our father?"quipped Phantompaw, the more shy of the two.

"Yes son, you need not fear me."chirped the BloodClan leader, touching his nose to the apprentice.

Firestar calmly cleared his throat, reminding Scourge of why he was here. Scourge nodded and moved away to touch noses with his blind brother. "You being here I take it means you accept my request?" Firestar nodded.

"Yes, Scourge. But I think it can wait until morning yes? My clan has traveled far to get here."he mewed.

"Yes, of course. We'll have plenty of time to talk."Scourge looked over at Bone, the two exchanging a silent understanding. "You and your clan shall be my guests. Go, eat and rest, you'll be of no use if you all aren't at top form."

Firestar nodded and his group followed Bone as they were escorted to one of the dead monsters for shelter. It was long and black from what Longtail could see, almost like a weird caterpillar with a lot

less legs. Though his leader protested Longtail and Sandstorm helped their sightless leader up and into the safety of it's soft interior. Tomorrow was gonna be a busy day.

It was mid morning by the time Firestar along with Longtail had joined the briefing. With Scourge was Bone, Snake, Ice, Saturn, and two scents the ginger leader did not know. Longtail though could tell one was a calico tom with a white blood stained collar and huge scars on his back. The other was a rather was white with grey patches and had a purple spiked collar and was missing a leg. Scourge had introduced them as Ryan and Blake. Scourge and them had even gone so far as to present them with what Longtail thought was a rather odd gift to mark this alliance by: two sets each of what looked like dog teeth to reinforce their claws. Longtail felt unsure of the gift as did Firestar at first but they both accepted. Finding they were good fits.

Firestar's fur bristled at catching the all distinct scent coming towards them. Firestar flicked his tail for Longtail to make himself scarce, which the deputy protested at first but quickly did as told. But he didn't stray far in case his leader would need him as he watched the dark brown tabby pelt and amber eyes come into view with Blackfoot in tow.

"Tigerstar, what brings you here to crash my important meeting?"meowed Scourge, his tail lashing and expression cold. But Firestar could just barely pick up the subtle cues from his older brother; Scourge was just itching to take him out and was taking all his self control not to do so. The time was not yet right.

Tigerstar's gaze landed on the flame-colored tom with the scarred eyes that seem to see nothing. But he looked earily familiar to the ShadowClan leader. "I came to see if you are prepared for tonight."

"Hmph, we are. Now if that is all, leave."hissed Scourge, waving his white paw in a dismissive gesture, which clearly pushed the ShadowClan deputy's buttons.

"Watch your tongue, this is our territory you are on rogue."growled Blackfoot, causing the elite fighters to bare their fangs in warning.

Firestar moved his eyes in the direction of Tigerstar as he flicked his tail tip in annoyance. "Tigerstar, do your cats not know respect? BloodClan may not be a clan as you know it but they are still a clan and Scourge demands respect as any leader should. Teach your cat restraint before I do it for you."mewed Firestar, giving off clear authority.

Both cats locked eyes on the ginger scarred ginger tom, tail lashing. Blackfoot growled as upon closer look he noticed something. Tigerstar must have seen it too about the tom that sat beside Scourge as he laughed.

"Scourge, you bring a blind tom to a warrior's battle? That is unbefitting of a tom that holds as much power as you do."he mewed.

But it was the BloodClan cats and some of the FireClan cats that surrounding them in the shadows that broke into laughter next, leaving the two cats confused. Scourge and Firestar waved their tails to silence their clans. "This is my kin, he is the leader of FireClan, a clan outside my domain."Scourge stated icily.

"Ha, him? A leader? No clan in their right mind would take a blind cat for a leader."taunted Blackfoot.

Yowls and snarls of fury broke out between the cats of BloodClan and FireClan like rolling thunder.

"If you are so sure, why not see for yourself? I call for a the Right of Fang and Claw!"mewed Scourge smoothly.

"Fang and Claw! Fang and Claw!"cheered the BloodClanners.

Tigerstar raised a brow at the smaller leader, "And what is this I may ask?"

"A duel of honor. It ends when one either dead or rendered unable to fight."sneered Snake.

Firestar got to his paws and stepped forward, tossing a pebble at Blackfoot's paws in challenge as his brother's tradition dictated. "Take it if you think you can win. Or are clan cats in this forest

cowards?"taunted Firestar.

Blackfoot growled at the remark and pulled the stone towards him, tail lashing, "I'm no coward. I accept!"

The two clans and Tigerstar removed themselves in favor of higher ground, providing enough space for the two to fight. Tigerstar was sure Blackfoot would win this with no problem but Longtail and Scourge knew the truth as cats placed their bets on who would win. With a yowl from Ice to signal the start. It was Blackfoot that had moved first but to his surprise Firestar had easily side stepped out of the way. Actually he was dodging and proving quite slippery for the ShadowClan cat. Firestar smirked a fanged grin, "What's the matter Blackfoot? I thought you wanted to win this quickly."

"You slippery bastard of an eel, quit running!"spat Blackfoot, striking again only for Firestar to duck out of harm's way.

Firestar to both Blackfoot and Tigerstar's surprise struck back with his reinforced claws and slashed them right down the deputy's spine. Scourge sneered as his eyes lit up in delight at seeing the poor excuse of a tom collapse to the ground in a bloody heap twitching in agony. He looked over to see Tigerstar's scowl but saw the dismay and disbelief in those amber depths. *"See that? You're next bastard."*the BloodClan leader thought, trembling with anticipation.

Firestar went over to stand over his fallen foe, looking unimpressed. Blackfoot was glaring up at the ginger tom but now that he was close enough the familiar faded scent hit him hard turning to shock. "F-Fireheart you bastard."

Firestar then bent down to whisper in his ear, "Tell your leader he better keep his eyes open, keep his ears pricked. Keep looking behind him. Because one day I'll find him, and then he'll be crowfood."he grinned repeating the very words Tigerstar had told him once.

Blackfoot then fell unconscious before Firestar turned his sightless gaze onto where Tigerstar's scent was, a quiet dare being shot at him. "Firestar, leader of FireClan is the victor! Blackfoot of

ShadowClan has fallen!"confirmed Ice, earning cheers from BloodClan and FireClan.

"Tigerstar take your disgrace of a deputy away, we will meet you tomorrow night as promised."Scourge spat coldly as Firestar came up to join him.

Tigerstar growled and quickly hurried down from his perch and grabbed the white and black tom. Shooting daggers at the flame colored leader before leaving with his injured deputy. Yes the way that tom fought was different but the scent on the changing wind confirmed he knew this tom. Was it really the kittypet that had thought he had seen the last of? he would have to question Blackfoot for information after Runningnose took are of Blackfoot.

To Be Continued...

-FireClan Allegiance Update-

New Apprentices:
Phantompaw: Black tom with patches of white on legs an face and odd-eyes. Son of Scourge.*[Mentor: Goldenflower]*

Twilightpaw: Pretty, elegant medium length furred ginger and black chimera she-cat with icy blue eyes. Daughter of Scourge. *[Mentor: Saturn]*

Copperpaw: Golden tabby tom with amber eyes. Dragonpaw's brother. *[Mentor: Swiftclaw](*Protecting camp)

Dragonpaw: Golden tabby tom with amber eyes and missing leg. Copperpaw's brother. *[Mentor: Greystripe]* (Protecting camp)

Dreamrunner(Moonset): Pretty black tortie and white she-cat with a few burn scars.*[Mentor: Ghostsong]*

New Kits:
Snowykit: White tom with specks of black.[Saturn x Moonset]

Fallenkit: Dusty brown, almost black she-cat.[Saturn x Moonset]

[Cloverpetal/Princess's kits won't arrive until long after the battle.]

Chapter 15: To The Future

[image]

Today was the day.

Everyone could feel the tension in the air that was thick enough to slice with a claw. FireClan and BloodClan were walking side by side, shadows sleeking into the frigid night. Firestar's ear twitched as he listened to Tigerstar talking to WindClan and ThunderClan. Both clans had spent the majority of the day planning and training. Firestar though couldn't help but smirk as he purred, recalling the night before when Tigerstar's own kits had rejected their father's offer to leave FireClan and join TigerClan. Firestar was proud of Bramblepaw and Tawnypaw. Firestar's keen ears could hear Tallstar and was that Brackenclaw? Did that mean Brackenclaw was now leader of ThunderClan?

"That's our cue, you ready?"hissed Scourge softly.

"Nervous, but yes I am."chirled Firestar.

The two clans then entered the clearing of Four Trees like a swarm of guarder snakes leaving their winter dens after leafbare. The two clans gasped at the sight, some spitting insults at seeing the collars BloodClan wore. Some though noticed and knew instantly recognized Firestar along with others with him, lost for words on what to say.

"This is BloodClan and FireClan."Tigerstar mewed.

"Fireheart why would you side with that murderer?"hissed Brackenstar, locking his gaze on the flame colored tom.

Firestar's simply flicked his ears, "I side with who I choose."

"I'd watch your tongue kit, this is Firestar of FireClan."snapped Foxtuft.

"You of all cats know the crimes Tigerstar has committed!"Scourge looked over at the brown tabby ThunderClan leader with quiet, stoic interest. Brackenstar went on to list every single crime the traitor had done: Redtail's murder, conspired with Brokentail, attempted murder of Bluestar, murder of Runningwind, murder of Brindleface-To Cloudtail's horror-to attract the dogs, murder of Mistyfoot's foster mother, and the death of Gorsepaw. The FireClan cats had left the forest long before the dog attacks so they were stunned, furry raging in their veins. They wanted to act, they wanted blood but cause of the plan they were forced to wait.

"Whatever he promised you both, Firestar don't believe him! He won't give up one pawprint of this forest."spat Brackenstar.

"I had no idea of the attacks that happened after we left and my condolences do go out to both your clans."he mewed calmly.

It was Scourge that spoke next, "Tigerstar had told me what he had planned to do with the dogs when he visited me two moons ago."Frigid eyes of ice glance over at the tabby leader beside him, "He did not tell me his plan had failed."

"Hm, none of that matters now. We have an agreement with you both, Scourge and your brother. Fight beside me now and you'll both have all that I offered you."mewed Tigerstar, unsheathing his claws in anticipation.

Firestar and Scourge locked eyes with each other, claws raking into the snow under their paws in silent agreement though one of them could not see the other...they just knew.

"My clan and I will fight when we choose,"meowed Scourge.

"My clan follows my orders, Tigerstar. I agree with my kin, we shall think about what has been brought to light tonight. My clan will not fight."mewed Firestar.

"Agreed, there will be no battle today."mewed Scourge as both brothers prepared to turn and leave.

"TRAITORS!"yowled Tigerstar as he left at both brothers.

Like vicious flash of lightning both older and younger half-brothers easily dodged the attempted attack from Tigerstar. Scourge went in and slashed Tigerstar's shoulder on the left while Firestar went in and slashed the right flank to knock the tom off balance before coming to stand side by side with Scourge. Earning gasps from the spectators; they had not expected a blind cat to be able to fight the way Firestar was now as he moved in perfect sync with the BloodClan leader. Tigerstar's rage turned into horror and for once...true fear as he looked at the two brothers each raise a reinforced paw before swiping a deadly blow from neck to tail that ripped him open before the others' eyes as he landed with a sickening thud. Blood pooled out and soaked the ground and stained the two leaders' paws.

They were horrified as they watched Tigerstar suffered seizure after seizure, falling still each time for another spasm hit. Tigerstar was dying nine times over before their eyes! Cinderpelt felt sick as she realized the meaning of the visions of blood that was on fire. Firestar went over to Tigerstar's frightened and seizing body as the cruel tom was approaching the end quickly to his final life and whispered into his ear, "Now Tigerstar, what will they say about you when we are both gone? You got what you deserved."

Tigerstar's eyes turned wide and before he could even try to say anything his life left his eyes, glazed over with fury and despair and hatred as he breathed his last. Scourge and Firestar turned to face the four clans who were terrified and bewildered as howls and wails of horror echoed through the night. FireClan and BloodClan were grinning and smirking from ear to ear at the display of their leaders' frightening strength. Many of the cats of the two clans getting chills of excitement creep up their spines, making their fur twitch and the rest grinning in delight that these brothers were not their foes, but, their leaders.

Firestar simply licked the blood from his paws as his older half-brother spoke, putting his white paw on the dead leader's head. "You're friend here thought he could control us, he was wrong."

"Let this be known as judgement to all that challenge StarClan's natural order."hissed Firestar, earning cheers from his cats.

Brackenstar, Leopardstar, and Tallstar were all horrified but one thing was certain...these brothers had to be stopped.

Firestar turned his sightless gaze over to the clans, "Clans of the forest, I give you all an option. Side with us or die. Scourge has promised to leave you in peace if you do and my clan will leave for our home."

The clan leaders all looked at each other but to ShadowClan's surprise Tallstar walked over to the two brothers, "WindClan will side with you BloodClan and FireClan. MY clan can't afford anymore losses."

Firestar gave a small purr and touched noses with the old leader. To his surprise, RiverClan joined WindClan as well. "Riverclan will as well. But let me make things clear the river is ours alone."spat Leopardstar.

"Hmph, do as you wish."mewed Scourge in boredom.

ThunderClan and ShadowClan oddly enough were refusing. It saddened Firestar as he locked onto Cinderpelt's scent, as if asking her if she would fight or would she die for her clan's stubbornness. To Brackenstar's surprise Cinderpelt limped away from them to walk over and stand with FireClan.

"C-Cinderpelt, what are you doing!?"snapped Brackenstar.

"I'm sorry brother, but my path is one that leads to the least amount of bloodshed. I'm a medicine cat, my job is to save lives, not take them."mewed Cinderpelt, "And Firestar...my visions are pointing to him. I will not side with you."

The next shock to the cats was Fernpaw and Dustpelt joining Cinderpelt, and this was clearly the final straw. Brackenstar and Boulder both called out the signal to attack. Scourge and Firestar ordered the same and all chaos broke loose. During the fights cats were loosing their lives, Whitestorm and Bone being some of the victims. Firestar let out a gasp as he felt Brackenstar collide with him in fury, "YOU! This is your fault! It's your fault ThunderClan has fallen to such disaster!"he snarled, slashing the ginger tom's

face. Firestar let out a hiss before he managed to kick the tom away before a deadly blow could be dealt. The snarled as they became a raging, tangled ball of furry as blood and fur was being sent flying.

But in the end Brackenstar had managed to pin Firestar witha triumphent leer on his face with fangs bared. "Now you'll die for everything!"growled Brackenstar. Scourge and FireClan watched in horror as Brackenstar delivered a killing bite to the flame colored tom who tried desperately to get away.

"FIRESTAR!"they yowled in horror.

Scourge though felt his blood run even colder then it had been as he stood over Boulder's dead body. He started to red; This couldn't have been happening! He had only just discovered he had a little brother, half related but still kin and he and Firestar actually got along really well. They were like fire and ice, total opposites but hey, opposites do attract. Firestar, Foxtuft, and from what he had been informed the newly dubbed Cloverpetal...they were all his siblings. That tiny pawful of kin that didn't bully and ridicule him like Socks and Ruby had, that he was ok to relax his guard around. Scourge's fury grew as the frightening killer intent rippled off him in waves.

"YOU! How dare you take my brother from me!"snarled Scourge as he literally crashed the now startled ThunderClan leader off his brother's body.

Sandstorm ducked and swerved as she raced to her mate's side in fear, Cinderpelt doing her best to keep up. Swiftly they grabbed Firestar's body by the scruff of his neck and dragged him into the shelter of the massive boulder. "Can't you do anything Cinderpelt, please!"pleaded Sandstorm while in the chaos Longtail had taken charge like a fish to water.

Cinderpelt frantically checked her ex-mentor's vitals only to find none...just vacant eyes. "He's with Starclan now. If he truly got nine lives some how then all we can do is wait a little while. It's out of our paws now."

It seemed like eternity before life flickered back into those green

orbs as he wheezed, gasping for air as he broke into a coughing fit. Damn that mange-pelt had taken one of his lives. "Wh-where's that bastard?"he growled as he stumbled to his paws, spitting out blood from his mouth.

"Scourge is fighting him, hurry!"urged Sandstorm as she jumped back out to the fray after nuzzling him.

Firestar snarled as he after a bit of effort locked onto Brackenstar's scent and in deed Scourge's was mixed in with it. So he allowed his nose to guide him as he dashed into the chaos to find the two toms. Scourge had been cornered and was badly hurt but Brackenstar fared no better. Scourge's jaw literally fell to the floor at seeing Firestar was alive as said ginger tom barreled right into tabby fur!

"Time for a little payback, that hurt you flea-pelt!"growled Firestar as he stood between a startled and stunned Brackenstar and a barely standing Scourge.

"H-how...he killed you!?"panted Scourge.

"I have nine lives, Scourge. All clan leaders do but we'll talk later."Scourge nodded before his legs gave out, his strength was spent.

Cinderpelt along with WindClan's medicine cat raced over and hurried to get Scourge away from the scene. The last thing the black tom saw was ginger fur leaping at brown tabby and the bittersweet scent of herbs mixed with fallen leaves coming from the grey she-cat as he was taken away. He soon passed out into dark nothingness.

Scourge awoke hours later to a sea of worried faces and he felt unusually numb and weak. Around him were Siren, his two kits, a few of his elite, Firestar, Cloudtail, Foxtuft, Sandstorm, Swiftclaw, Longtail, and Saturn. They all looked so heartbroken. "Why are you looking at me like that?"he thought. Was...was he dying? Had his wounds been that bad?

"Hey brother..."said Firestar.

"Daddy..."whimpered Phantompaw and Twilightpaw.

"Wh-what happened...?"Scourge was quick to ask.

"The other two clans are no more, what was left ran with their tails between their legs."chirped Saturn.

So they had won...good.

"Scourge, I'm sorry to say this but those wounds are fatal."Firestar finally said, hanging his head in shame.

No, no he didn't want his brother to have that look of failure again. It was unbecoming of a leader to hang his head like that let alone his kin. With what strength he had he smacked his younger half-brother over the head with whip of his tail. "Now of that, now. I hold no regrets, but BloodClan must continue on to the future as should you."

His gaze moved over to rest on Siren, "My dearest, you shall take over BloodClan."

"M-me?"Siren chirped in surprise.

Scourge nodded weakly as his sight was beginning to fail him now. "Yes my love. The job would have fallen to Bone but he's dead...you're the only one I trust other then Firestar. It must be you."

Siren reached down and nuzzled her dying mate in sorrow, "I will lead them well."she whispered. With those words Scourge of Bloodclan purred as his eyes closed for the last time.

The group hanged their heads in grief and sorrow, Siren and her kits taking it the hardest. That's when something none expected to happen. A spirit of speckled grey shaggy tom appeared before them, standing in front of Siren. Siren was amazed but also frightened by the spectre.

"You have no need to fear me, kit. Come to the heart of the cave by WindClan's lands, StarClan wishes to grant you a gift Siren of BloodClan."mewed the tom, "A great change is a foot for the forest

and your clan."

"W-who are you?"whimpered Siren nervously.

"My name matters not. I am a spirit of of the ancestors. We will be awaiting you there."he meowed before going over to Scourge's body and touched it with his nose. Causing a bright but gentle ball of light to form before it shot up to the heavens. "The Guiding Warrior shall be his judge, you have nothing to fear youn'in you'll see him again."

Siren nodded with resolve now burning as the spirit vanished. That same instant Siren brought the news to BloodClan. Unfortunately many of the cats choice to leave out of either fear or their own self interests...honestly Firestar wasn't sure which. but those that had stayed where the elite, the group that had been closest to Scourge as they each swore their loyalty to Siren. The next day Siren returned, being given the name of Songstar. Firestar prepared his cats to leave, discovering Twilightpaw wanted to stay with Songstar while Phantompaw wanted to go with him. Firestar gave his blessings as did Songstar. To his surprise Tallstar the three ex-ThunderClanners turned BloodClan came to see him off. With a purr FireClan bid them farewell and left for home.

[image]

Greenleaf's warm breeze rustled through the leafy canopy of FireClan's camp as light dappled the forest floor. An old flame colored tom laid in the shade, contently listening to the laughter of kits and apprentices playing and doing chores, queens and warriors sharing gossip. Yes life was peaceful and he had cherished this peace he had worked so hard to create. His ear twitched as he listened to Brambleclaw and Squirrelflight yet again getting into one of their lover spats, only to playfully tease in the end.

His attention then moved towards the medicine den where Dreamrunner and Leafpool were busy with herb inventory as they chattered. He purred as he felt Sandstorm came over to him on the large root, wrapping her tail around her mate. He felt so, so tired...he wanted to just let go as he heard Phantomstep his new deputy sorting out patrols. Longtail had retired quite some time ago

and Phantomstep had taken to being deputy as naturally as breathing.

"I feel so tired, Sandstorm..."he whispered.

Sandstorm looked down with a sad but knowing look on her own greying features. Firestar was not young and was on his final life now. "It's alright, Firestar my love...let go. We'll all be okay. Rest now."she soothed as she rested her head on his shoulders.

Firestar purred as he felt his strength leaving him as his eyes fluttered close. a sense of weightlessness overcoming him that felt oddly welcoming to him. The next he opened his eyes he found himself in a paradise rich in greenery that seemed to give off a lite shimmer from dew catching the gentle moonlight. All around him were cats he had grown to love and care and even respect. The life of Firestar of FireClan had come to a peaceful end and he could once more see again and he held no regrets. His clan would be fine without him and would surely flourish for generations to come.

The End

A/N: I hope you enjoyed this story. For those curious here is the FireClan Allegiance for the end of this story...

-Future FireClan Allegiance-

Leader - Firestar: Old, greying, scarred flame-colored sightless tom.

Deputy - Phantomstep(star): Black tom with half his face white and white splotches on legs and odd-eyes. *[Apprentice: Treepaw]*

Medicine Cat - Dreamrunner - Aging pretty black tortie and white she-cat.
Leafpool - Light brown and white tabby she-cat.*[Apprentice: Jayfeather]*

Warriors - Swiftclaw: Black and white splotched tom.*[Apprentice: Silentpaw]*
Cloudtail: Fluffy white tom.
Dragoneyes: Golden tabby tom with three legs.
Copperstripe: Golden tabby tom with amber eyes.

Feathertail: Pretty, fluffy silver tabby she-cat.
Brambleclaw: Dark brown tabby tom with amber eyes.
Tawnypelt: Pretty tortie she-cat.*[Apprentice: Heavypaw]*
Stormpelt: Scruffy grey tom with amber eyes.
Fallingsnow(Saturn): Aging black, white speckled tom.
Reedwhisker: Sleek black tom.
Snowyowl: White tom with black specks(Dream x Falling).
Fallenwish: Dusty brown, almost black she-cat(Dream x Falling).
Nutfall: Cinnamon tabby tom with a white belly(Clover x Long).
Hollyleaf: Pretty black she-cat with green eyes(Leaf x Reed).
Lionblaze: Large golden tabby tom with amber eyes(Leaf x Reed).
Brightheart: Pretty, scarred ginger and white patched she-cat.

Apprentices - Jayfeather: Blind grey tabby tom(Leaf x Reed).
Treepaw: Pretty, petite brown tabby.
Heavypaw: Black smoke tom with blue eyes.
Silentpaw: Small silver shaded she-cat.

Nursery - Whitewing: Pretty white she-cat.*[Expecting Snowyowl's kits]*
Squirrelflight: Scruffy ginger she-cat with a white paw.*[Kits: Alderkit,Sparkkit, Dandelionkit, Juniperkit]*
Quietstream: Pretty pale ticked tabby she-cat with an unuaslly long tail(Long x Clover*).[Kits: Daykit, Fluffkit]*

Elders - Sandstorm: Light ginger she-cat.
Mistyfoot: Blue-gey tabby she-cat.
Greystripe: Scruffy grey tabby tom.
Longtail: Pale tabby tom with a unusually long tail.
Cloverpetal: Pretty cinnamon and white tabby she-cat; Firestar & Foxtuft's sister and Longtail's mate.

Deceased Cats:
Ghostsong(greencough)
Goldenflower(Old age)
Foxtuft(Protecting his kits from fox: Treepaw, Heavypaw, and Silentpaw)
Firestar(Old age)

Phantomstar's Lives: Integrity, Hope, Forgiveness, Wisdom, Exploring Beyond Borders, Strength, Knowledge and wisdom to

lead, Endurance, Foresight